

" may not marry a second Time ----
 " Why, said our Heroe, I think it upon
 " the whole, rather improper." " Oh,
 " ho! young Man, I have then driven
 " you to a Dilemma. Where not the Hearts
 " of *James* and his *Charlotte* united?
 " You thought so once; you thought
 " the same of a different fair One after-
 " wards; all which is contrary to your
 " doctrine. No, no, *James*, you carry
 " your Ideas too high; Marriage is cer-
 " tainly the highest of all worldly En-
 " gagements, but we must not extend it
 " beyond this World: You remember
 " how the *Jews* blundered about that,
 " when they made it, as they thought, a
 " material Objection against the Resurrec-
 " tion of the Dead? But you young Folks
 " are always thinking about Matrimony.
 " Well. well, mind what I say: Set your
 " Affections above this World; let your
 " Heart be in Heaven, and let your Body
 " while it is here, apply itself to its pro-
 " per Labour: Remember it was formed
 " to be useful; 'tis what you owe to G---d,
 " the Publick and yourself." ---- " In-
 " deed, Mr. *Bearfoot*, replied *James*, you
 " have a good Heart, and I hope to im-
 " prove by your Conversation: I will,
 " as you advise me, dedicate my Heart
 " to

“ to Heaven, and suffer it as little as possible to dwell upon the Things of this World. You are right, my Friend, in a corrupt World we must necessarily meet with Misfortunes ; and though mine are many, yet will I remember, that he who holds the Rod is just and merciful.”

CHAP. II.

The Reader is herein informed, that a Christian is a Christian. Active Measures ; grand Debates ; Separation of Company ; and a Journey to London, all performed in this Chapter.

BY such mild Conversations and the diligent Attendance of the Physician and Surgeon, *James* was in less than a Fortnight, greatly recovered both in Mind and Body ; nor were the kind Endeavours of his Friends around him, less conducive to his Health than the Medicines of the Faculty, or the Lectures of his Tutor.

Mr. Bearfoot when disentangled from his Oddities, shone forth greatly in the Estimation of our Heroes ; and indeed, he

was

JAMES LOVEGROVE, Esq; 167

was a good and a generous Christian, perhaps I need not have added the Epithets, as Christian comprehends them; but a true Christian is the best and most comprehensive Character in the World, and includes in it, every respective Virtue that a Man can be possessed of.

When Mr. *Bearfoot* was not upon serious Subjects, his Curiosity would break out, and he was often pressing *James* to sift to the Bottom, that strange Confession of *Clip*, when he supposed himself dying; but *James* declined it, because he said, while the Captain and his Lady were in the Country, it might bring some disagreeable Circumstances to Remembrance.

Every Day now added to the Recovery of our Heroe, and at length he acquired so much Strength, and so much Composure, that his Father resolved to communicate to him the Sequel of Miss *Jennour's* Letter, and the strange Account which the Servant had given them of the young Lady's Treatment on board the Man of War.

But alas! this Account was not so philosophically received as old Mr. *Love-*

grove could wish; for though *James* had patiently submitted while he supposed the Lady was out of his Reach, yet did he no sooner hear the Surmises on Captain *Winbourne's* Character, than he resolved at all Adventures, to follow his lovely Charmer to the farthest Part of the Globe.

And indeed, all his Friends judged it not improper to take some resolute Steps, in order, if possible, to come at the Bottom of the Affair; especially, as they had permitted a faint Hope, by degrees, to rise into a Certainty of Opinion, that Miss *Jennour* could never be the Inditer of that strange Account which the Maid-servant had brought to them.

Mr. *Bearfoot* observed on the Occasion, that *James* now was grown so steady and prudent in the Regulation of his Passion, that he might be intrusted any where: And, added the friendly Man, I myself would sail into the *Archipelago*, to bring back this *Helen* to his Arms.

Captain *Jefferies* and Mr. *Watson* were of Opinion, that supposing Miss *Jennour* was averse to Captain *Winbourne*, they did not think it possible for him to hurt her

her unpunished on board one of his Majesty's Ships; but Mr. *Lovegrove* and *Amelia* were of a different way of thinking: For *Lovegrove* observed that a Man of his Cunning was more than a Match for the Devil himself.

"Aye, replied *Bearfoot* hastily, but he
 "can't be more than a Match for God.
 "I verily believe, if Miss *Jennour* is as
 "good as you all make her out, that
 "there is an over-ruling Providence who
 "will secure her from the Clutches of
 "this wretched Fellow of a Captain.

James applauded his Tutor's Observation, the Gentlemen all joined in one Voice, and said, "True, Sir;" the Ladies more expressively lifted up their Hands, and cried, "Aye, poor dear Creature!
 "we trust Heaven will not forsake her."

The next Question was, How to proceed? After much debate it was determined, that Captain *Jefferies* and *James* should, as before agreed, go to *London*, and make what Enquiries they could, in regard to the Station of the Ship; but *James* insisted that he would not stir without Mr. *Bearfoot*, and old Mr. *Love-*

grove said, he would not part with his dear Boy for the *West* and *East Indies* put together.

The Ladies strongly opposed such a general Detachment of Gentlemen, as they observed they should have no one to keep up their Spirits during the Absence of the Adventurers; but Mr. *Watson's* Brother, the old Batchelor, promised to keep them all in Spirits if there were twenty more of them. "Aye, replied "*Lovegrove*, you talk like a Batchelor indeed; however, as you promise, perform, for we must leave them to your Care, I hope it will not be for a longer Interval than two or three Days or a Week at most."

"Well, replied Mr. *Watson's* Brother, "I thank you for your Charge, and thus I begin;" at the same Time saluting the Ladies all round.

Things being thus settled, *James* and his Tutor in one Chaise, and Captain *Feferies* and old Mr. *Lovegrove* in the other, drove away to the City of *London*.

But

JAMES LOVEGROVE, Esq; 171

But we must not forget to mention the great Mr. *Clip*, who warmly solicited a Place behind his Master's Chariot, as he said he would go in Search of the young Lady all over *England* with all his Heart; for, said the little Gardener, "Nothing " but Water can ever hurt *Clip*."

C H A P. III.

The great Use of elegant Buildings. The Capitol of London where situated. Ill Effects of late rising. A great Undertaking, and a great Consternation.

OLD Mr. *Lovegrove*, who had not been in *London* since the Pregnancy of *Amelia*, was very solicitous to conduct the Journey and their Stay in the Metropolis with the utmost Oeconomy. For this Purpose, as soon as they arrived in Town, he went directly to a Map-shop, and there purchased a Plan of the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

Being Master of this Chart, he proposed to his Company, to take Lodgings as near the Centre as they could, which he found would throw them at no great

Distance from the *Temple*. *James* and Captain *Jefferies* objected to this Plan, and proposed *St. James's End* of the Town, as better situated, and near the *Admiralty-Office* and the Fountains of Intelligence. As to Mr. *Bearfoot*, he insisted upon lodging, if possible, opposite the *Royal-Exchange*; for there, said the University Theorist, is the Mart of News and Business.

Mr. *Lovegrove* however, as Commander was obeyed; and separate Lodgings in some Court near the *Temple* were hired, where the Company and their Baggage were moved without Delay.

This Business took up the first Day of their Arrival, and as they were not fixed till the Evening, no Measures were attempted.

Mr. *Bearfoot*, who had never been within the Walls of *London* before, was very particular in his Remarks, and lamented very greatly the want of publick Edifices: "For, said that great Scholar, "when Time shall lay this City in Ruins "no Body will think it worth looking "at."

"Well,

“ Well, replied *James*, I confess my
“ Appetite is not for Ruins; give me Na-
“ ture or Art in her ripe, and not in her
“ decayed State.”

“ Aye, said Mr. *Bearfoot* hastily, but
“ they that view the Ruins can look
“ impartially, but he who trusts to the
“ Excess of Beauty is most likely to be
“ misled.

At this *James* colour'd, which *Bearfoot*
observing, he pursued his Discourse. “ Aye
“ now, continued the censorious Tutor,
“ *James* is thinking on his amiable *Char-*
“ *lotte*: Well, *James*, are her Ruins or
“ her ripened Beauty, the best Objects
“ for Contemplation?

“ Why, replied *James*, I will honestly
“ confess I took most Pleasure in viewing
“ her Beauty, though I am most thank-
“ ful at being able to see clearly the
“ Ruins which her want of Sincerity have
“ occasioned.”

“ Aye, Aye, 'twas a good Lesson, cried
“ *Bearfoot*, young Men are easily caught,
“ and Women are the sweet Bait to allure

“ and deceive them; but now, *James*,
“ you have Ballast enough to carry your
“ Sails steady through the Regions of
“ such *Syrens*.

“ What then, said Captain *Jefferies*,
“ do you think, Mr. *Bearfoot*, that a Man
“ of Sense is not to be imposed upon by
“ the Artifices of that all-alluring Sex.”

“ I think Captain *Jefferies*, replied
“ *Bearfoot*, that a Man of Sense will al-
“ ways act consistently, and therefore can
“ never be deceived; he will examine
“ himself impartially, and will not suffer his
“ Passions to blindfold his Reason, or his
“ Love of Pleasure to run away with his
“ Sense and Reflection.

“ Ha! ha! ha! interrupted old *Love-*
“ *grove*, I love the dry Morality of these
“ Fellows of Colleges. But pray, good
“ Mr. *Bearfoot*, are you exempted from
“ the common Feelings of Mankind?
“ or can you always unmask the De-
“ ceptions of vicious Acts, and expose
“ the Wiles of every Seducer that at-
“ tacks you?”

“ Mr.

“ Mr. *Lovegrove*, replied *Bearfoot*, understand me right: A Man of Principle will act consistently; and he who acts consistently, cannot be biassed by Passion or Delusion; but, I was only talking to this little, pert Fellow, and laughing at him for his want of Penetration. True Love I believe is soon discovered, because it must be *Platonick*. ”—— At this Assertion, the whole Company burst into a loud Fit of Laughter; which so much affronted the Philosopher, that they could not persuade him to make any more Observations the whole Evening.

Finding him averse to general Topicks, they entered upon their own particular Business; and it was agreed, that the Captain and *James* should the next Morning proceed in their Enquiries, and Mr. *Bearfoot* and Mr. *Lovegrove* should take a Coach, in order to view at Leisure, the most remarkable Edifices in the City; for *Bearfoot* insisted upon seeing the *Forum*, and the triumphal Arches or Gates of the City, the Capitol or the Tower, before he condescended to visit any Part of *Westminster*.

The next Morning our Heroe and his Uncle rose early to Business, but old Mr. *Lovegrove* chose to indulge, which rendered *Bearfoot* very impatient; for he ever kept steady to his College Rules, and was dressed at the statutable Hour.

He waited an Hour in his Lodgings, but then it was but Eight o'Clock, and no Mr. *Lovegrove* stirring; neither could he find any Book to entertain him. In this Dilemma he sent down Stairs for *Clip*, and commanded him to arm himself with his Cudgel, and taking also another faithful Staff in his own Hand, he issued forth to find a Walk of equal Length with that up *Heddington Hill* to *Joe Pullen's Tree*.

But I beg Madam *History's* Pardon, I am not writing the Adventures of Mr. *Bearfoot*, but the History of *James Lovegrove, Esq;*

Captain *Jefferies* and *James*, after various Enquiries, could hear no Intelligence, either of the Fleet or Convoy; indeed it was too early, no Advices having been received, nor expected till the middle of the next Month.

This

This was a great Disappointment to our Heroe, who immediately resolved to set out in the next Packet, and without Delay sail to *Jamaica*, that he might put an End to the killing Uncertainties which overwhelmed him.

To this Proposal the Captain assented, and promised, with Mrs. *Jefferies's* Permission, to bear him Company. Accordingly, as they returned Home to their Lodgings, they planned the whole Voyage; and it was agreed, that the Captain should break our Heroe's Designs to his Father.

It was past One when they entered their Lodging, and neither Mr. *Lovegrove* nor Mr. *Bearfoot* were returned: And they found upon Enquiry, that Mr. *Bearfoot* had walked out in the Morning, and that Mr. *Lovegrove* had waited for him till past Eleven, when *Clip* returned by himself, and gave Mr. *Lovegrove* some Intelligence, but what, they could not say; whereupon a Coach was called, and Mr. *Lovegrove* drove away with the Gardener, and had left no Message behind him.

This strange Account puzzled *James* and the Captain much, especially as Mr. *Lovegrove* had ordered no Dinner, though they had agreed to dine together at a Tavern the very next Door to their Lodgings.

They waited with great Impatience till Four o'Clock, but no one appeared. And now *James* thought it high Time to look after his Father, and therefore first made an Enquiry which Way they went. The Servants informed them towards *Temple-Bar*; the very Reverse of what they intended, as Mr. *Bearfoot* had determined first to see the City.

James was still more and more perplexed: And perhaps such a Variety of Misfortunes were not useless to him, as they diverted his Attention from a continual brooding over one favourite unentertaining Reflection.

The Captain did all he could to quiet our Heroe's Impatience: He very wisely observed, it could answer no prudent End, and only served to lengthen that Time which he should wish to pass away with its usual Rapidity.

To

To this *James* was about to answer very learnedly : And he certainly had said many Things in favour of Activeness in Preference to a languid Indifference, had not a Coach stopped at the Door at the very Moment he was forming his first Sentence : And before our Heroe could get down, he heard his Father on the Stairs, enquiring after Mr. *Bearfoot*.

It was some Joy to *James* to hear his Father's Voice, but at the same Time he was greatly astonished to see Mr. *Lovegrove* enter the Room alone ; nor could the Captain help expressing his Surprise at the Absence of Mr. *Bearfoot*.

“ And do neither of you know any
 “ thing of this strange Fellow, said Mr.
 “ *Lovegrove*, whom I have been seeking
 “ this whole Day ? Sirrah, continued he,
 “ addressing himself to *James*, what have
 “ you done with your poor Tutor ? what
 “ Wild-goose Chace have you sent him
 “ upon ?”

“ Indeed, Sir, said *James* seriously, as
 “ he perceived his Father smile, we know
 “ no more of Mr. *Bearfoot* than you seem

“ to do; nor did we suspect, till we came
“ Home, that Mr. *Bearfoot* and you had
“ parted Company.”

“ Why then, replied old Mr. *Love-*
“ *grove*, he is lost. He went out from
“ hence with *Clip*, at Eight o’Clock; my
“ old Gardener returned not till Eleven,
“ and then brought me such a strange
“ Account that I can scarce credit it.”

“ What Account, pray Sir, said *James*?”

“ Nay, answered Mr. *Lovegrove*, let
“ him tell his own Tale, for of all Things
“ I never desire to be *Clip*’s Historio-
“ grapher.”

James then rang the Bell, and ordered
the Gardener up, as he was well con-
vinced his Father put that Task upon
Clip, that he might divert the Company;
which indeed, was the chief Reason that
made him acquiesce in bringing him to
London.

Clip having reached the Parlour-door,
was ordered to give an Account of his
Morning Walk with Mr. *Bearfoot*, which
he did in the following Manner.

CHAP. IV.

Why some Men are Babies all their Lives.

Why it is dangerous to walk about the Inns of Court. How a Man may be conveyed Home in a Minute, when he thinks himself three Miles from the Place of his Abode, with other curious and delectable Matters, which we make no Doubt will prove highly satisfactory to the inquisitive Reader.

“ **W**HY, Sir, said Clip, (as Mr. Lovegrove bid him relate the manner of Mr. Bearfoot’s setting out) it was just as I told you before. — And so, Sir, you know when I came Home, you bid me get a Coach.” — “Great Mr. Wisdom, interrupted Lovegrove, Don’t tell me what I have been doing myself, but what you and Mr. Bearfoot did before I was stirring.” “Why la, Sir, answered Clip, Sir, I told you all about it.” “Then please to tell it me again, replied Mr. Lovegrove; or at least, if that is too much Honour for me, let my Son hear your Relation.” “Yes, Sir, said Clip, Master Femmy will laugh to hear it; (for Clip having called

called our Heroe, Master, during the long Period of twenty Years, thought it wrong ever after to leave it off) “for
 “to be sure, Sir, we have lost Mr. *Bear-*
 “*foot* for ever, he’s got among the Law-
 “yers, and I’ve heard say, no Body ever
 “gets out of their Clutches with a whole
 “Coat on his Back.”

“But, said Mr. *Lovegrove*, angrily, let
 “us have the Account of your Walk,
 “and none of your learned Remarks?”

“Yes, Sir, answered the Gardener;”
 and then began as follows.

“I, Gentlemen, and Mr. *Bearfoot*, took
 “a Walk out this Morning; and I had
 “my Cudgel, and Mr. *Bearfoot* had his,
 “and we walked till we came to a Court;
 “and as we were going on, Mr. *Bear-*
 “*foot* asked a Man who was passing by,
 “who lived there? Oh! Sir, answered
 “the Passenger, the Lawyers live here.—
 “Upon this, Gentlemen, I began to run
 “back; and I bless Heaven, was not so
 “far gone, but what I got safe out of
 “the Place. Mr. *Bearfoot* came after
 “me, and asked me the Cause of my
 “Running? I told him my Father’s Bro-
 “ther’s

JAMES LOVEGROVE, *Esq*; 183

“ther’s Father was ruined by a Law-suit
“in *London*, and never came back into
“the Country again; and I had heard
“such a bad Account of the Law, that
“I would never get into any Law-Court;
“for every Body in the Country knew
“that a Man who got into any of the
“Courts of Law, never could find their
“Way out of them.”

Here the Captain and *James* smiled;
and, said *James*, “What became of Mr.
“*Bearfoot*?”

“Why, then he told me I was an
“old — indeed he said a very wicked
“Word.” “Aye, replied the Captain,
“what was that Mr. *Clip*? — “Why,
“answered *Clip*, he said I was an old
“Fool for not being able to distinguish
“between a Law Court composed of
“Lawyers, and one composed of Houses.
“And to besure he talked a great while
“very learnedly to persuade me, but I
“didn’t understand a Word on it, so I
“did not mind him; and at last, he bid
“me go back for an — and used that
“naughty, wicked Word again — and
“not trouble him any longer. And so
“Gentlemen I came back as I thought:
“and

“ and to be sure so I did, but it was the
“ wrong Way, and so I got further from
“ Home than ever; and I believe I never
“ should have got Home, if it had not
“ been for an honest Porter, who told
“ me he would shew me the Way to my
“ Master’s, if I would give a Pot of Beer;
“ and to be sure, he did it very cleverly,
“ for before we had walked a hundred
“ Yards, he knocked at this very Door.”

At this curious Account, both *James* and the Captain laughed very heartily. And our Heroe then addressing himself to his Father, asked him what Success he had met with in searching for Mr. *Bear-foot*, or indeed in what manner he undertook the Search.

“ Why, replied old Mr. *Lovegrove*, I
“ drove to all the Inns of Court I could
“ think of, and traversed them all, but I
“ could see nothing of my Friend; and
“ at last, being greatly tired and fatigued,
“ and finding it late, I returned Home,
“ in Hopes, indeed, to have found you
“ all together; but I confess, I now be-
“ gin to be in Fear for our poor Friend;
“ he undoubtedly is able to find his Way
“ here, if well, but by his long Stay, I
“ fear

JAMES LOVEGROVE, *Esq*; 185

“fear some Accident has befallen him:
“However, we can do no more, but pati-
“ently wait the Event, for it is in vain to
“seek him in this spacious City.

The Captain could not help indulging his Humour upon the Occasion, and insisted that *Bearfoot* had met an old Friend in Town, who would not permit him to leave her till he had taken a Bed at her House; but, both *James* and his Father rebuked the Captain for his ungenerous Surmises.

Two Days passed, and yet they received no Account of Mr. *Bearfoot*, which alone kept them in Town, as they found it then impossible to forward the Business they came to execute.

The next Morning, as Captain *Jefferies* was reading a Paper, he cried out, “Here’s the lost Sheep as I am alive; “here’s the lost Sheep.” At this our Heroe and his Father hastened to the Window where the Captain was sitting, and read to their inexpressible Satisfaction, the following Advertisement.

WHEREAS

WHEREAS a Person in Company with his Friend an elderly Gentleman, and his Son, and a Captain in a Marching Regiment, came to London last Week from the farthest Part of the County of — : This is to give Notice to the Gentleman, his Son, and the Captain, that their Friend has met with a Misfortune which has prevented his Return to them; and he is to be heard of at Mr. Walters's, a Surgeon in Grosvenor-street.

“ Aye, said the Captain, smiling, when
 “ he had read aloud this Advertisement,
 “ poor Bearfoot, he's in the Suds depend
 “ upon it.

Mr. Lovegrove and his Son, were too much pleased with the Account, to take any Notice of the Captain's Satire; and the old Man ordered James immediately down to get a Coach; for said he, “ I
 “ will not break Bread till I see my
 “ Friend.”

James did as he was commanded; and the Captain bearing them Company, they
 set

JAMES LOVEGROVE, Esq; 187
set out for the Surgeon's in *Grosvenor-*
street.

Many and curious were the Surmises of the Company at this strange Adventure: They could in general, account for any Accident which might have befallen Mr. *Bearfoot*, but how it was possible to be in the Neighbourhood of *Grosvenor-street*, at such a Distance from his Lodgings, was an Incident that puzzled them all.

The Captain again broached his sly Insinuations at the Tutor; but *James* resolutely defended him, and withall so masterly, that the Captain seemed very much inferior in his Arguments.

But whatever either the one might in Joke pretend to suspect, or the other might urge against the Supposition, Mr. *Lovegrove* seriously advised them to suspend their Curiosity till their Arrival at the Surgeon's, which was but a short Interval of Time, as these Words were spoke when Mr. *Lovegrove* was within twenty Yards of the Door.

When the Coach stopped at Mr. *Walters's*, old Mr. *Lovegrove* got out and went
in

in, leaving his Brother and Son in the Coach. He enquired of Mr. *Walters*, whether the Gentleman who advertised that Day from his House, was within? The Surgeon answered in the Affirmative: And indeed, Sir, said he, will, I hope, be here for some Time; for he cannot leave this House unless it is to take Possession of his Grave.

The poor old Gentleman was Thunderstruck at his Words; which Mr. *Walters* perceiving, introduced him into a Parlour, and begged that he would sit down and compose himself.

In the mean Time, Mr. *Walters* went to the Coach and desired the other Gentlemen to walk in, which they did; *James* enquiring, as he went along, after his Friend Mr. *Bearfoot*.

When our Heroe entered the Parlour, he was surpris'd to see his Father look so pale. Old Mr. *Lovegrove* perceiving his Concern, prevented him from speaking, by assuring him, that it was entirely owing to the bad Account he had heard of their Friend.

Mr.

Mr. *Walters* then desired the Gentlemen not to make themselves uneasy; he said his Patient was indeed extremely ill, and dangerously wounded. — “Wounded! good G—d! exclaimed old Mr. *Lovegrove*, Mr. *Bearfoot* wounded?” “Yes, Sir, replied the Surgeon, and so strangely that I can hardly account for the manner of it.” “Hardly account for the manner of it?” “Do you, Sir, replied Mr. *Lovegrove* eagerly, (*James* and the Captain looking also at the Surgeon with fresh Attention and Surprize) do you know in what Manner, where, how, which Way it was done? Good Heavens! I know not what to say or think! Mr. *Bearfoot* wounded! Pray, dear Sir, your Presence is not necessary to our Friend, ease the anxious Mind of a poor old Man, who must ever esteem your wounded Patient, for his excellent Virtues.”

“Sir, replied Mr. *Walters*, I have the Account very imperfectly; as it is only such a one as I could extract from my Patient in his sensible Moments, which have been but few since his Arrival here, and what I saw and heard myself.” — “What! is my poor Friend
“deli-

“delirious, said Mr. *Lovegrove*?” “Do
 “not, my dear Sir, interrupted Mr. *Wal-*
 “*ters*, do not perplex yourself; we hope
 “the best; but, if you please, I will give
 “you all the Information I am able.”

At this Promise, all were silent, and
 Mr. *Walters* began his Account as it is re-
 corded in the next Chapter.

C H A P. V.

*A Mob at the other End of the Town de-
 scribed. A Pistol fired. An Interview
 between a married Couple. Somebody finds
 the Lady he is searching after; we need
 say no more.*——

“**T**HREE Days ago, Gentlemen,
 “(said Mr. *Walters*, addressing him-
 “self to his Company) between the Hours
 “of Ten and Eleven, I was called out of
 “my Bed, (whither I had retired on Ac-
 “count of a sharp, acrimonious Defluxion
 “on my Lungs) to attend a Gentleman
 “in the Neighbourhood who was danger-
 “ously wounded. Accordingly, having
 “dressed and prepared my Chirurgical Ap-
 “paratus,

“ paratus, I followed the Messenger to
“ the Bottom of this Street.

“ When I came to the Door, I found
“ a prodigious Mob about it, and many
“ indistinct Clamours were uttered on all
“ Sides; but in general, I heard that a
“ Man was murdered, and that the Mur-
“ derer was escaped. What! said I to one
“ of the By-standers, is the Person killed?”
“ Aye, replied he, as dead as a Herring,
“ Doctor, but you may bleed him for
“ your Fee if you please.” “ Upon this,
“ I was going to depart, when a Gentle-
“ man came out of the Door of the House,
“ and asked if any one had been for a
“ Surgeon? Sir, said I, he is here; but
“ they told me the Gentleman was killed,
“ and I was about to return.” “ Pray,
“ Sir, said he eagerly, walk in, there are at
“ present some Signs of Life, and I hope
“ you may be able to recover him.”

“ At this Assurance I went in as well
“ I was able; but the Mob was so great,
“ it was almost impossible to move a Step
“ without running the Hazard of a Limb,
“ or being trod under Foot, through their
“ excessive Impatience to see what was
“ the Matter within.

“ How-

“ However, the Gentleman who in-
“ vited me in, made as much Room as
“ he was able, and in about ten Minutes
“ I crowded into the Room where the
“ Accident happened.”

“ It was an Accident then, said *James*,
“ was it, Sir?” “ Pardon me, replied
“ the Surgeon, you shall hear imme-
“ diately.

“ The Room was so much crowded,
“ that I said to the Gentleman who brought
“ me in, that it would be impossible to
“ do any thing unless the Mob were re-
“ moved: Whereupon he desired two or
“ three of the stoutest to turn the rest
“ out, which in Time they effected, but
“ not without the utmost Difficulty.

“ Beside the poor, unhappy Gentle-
“ man who was wounded, I perceived a
“ young Lady sitting at the upper End
“ of the Room, and strongly guarded by
“ several Gentlemen who stood round
“ about her.

“ When I came to examine the Wounds
“ of your Friend, I found a violent Con-
“ tusion

JAMES LOVEGROVE, Esq; 193

"tusion near the right Temple, (I do
"not make use of technical Terms, Gen-
"tlemen, as I would be more readily
"understood) which had rendered the
"Patient in a Manner senseless. After
"having made proper Applications, and
"under such Precautions as I thought ne-
"cessary, I ordered the Patient into Bed,
"but they told me it was a private Lodg-
"ing-house, and that there was no Room
"for any Strangers.

"Upon this, seeing the wounded Gen-
"tleman's Appearance was decent and
"creditable : wounded I say, because he
"had a small Thrust in the Thigh from
"a Sword ; but that is of little Conse-
"quence in Comparison of the Con-
"tusion."—

"Mr. *Bearfoot* wounded with a Sword!
"said Captain *Jefferies*, what d—d Cow-
"ard would ever assault a Parson?"
"Give me Leave, Sir, replied Mr. *Wal-*
"ters, I will endeavour to satisfy you.

"I say, seeing he was a Gentleman,
"and indeed, as you observed, suspecting
"that he was of the Cloth, I gave Orders for
Vol. II. K a Chair,

“ a Chair, and had him conducted to my
“ own House, (where I was better able to
“ attend him) and provided him with a
“ Nurse, and whatever other Things I
“ thought necessary.

“ Having settled my Patient, dressed
“ his Wound, and done every Thing
“ that was needful and proper for him,
“ I returned to the Lodging-house to
“ enquire how and by whom he was
“ wounded.

The Mob were then almost all dispersed; for they found the Aggressor
“ had before made his Escape, and the
“ greatest Part followed your Friend Mr.
“ *Bearfoot* to my House.

“ When I entered the Dining-room
“ where the Fray had happened, I saw
“ the Lady was still in Custody; as the
“ Gentlemen had not as yet settled what
“ Method was to be taken: Indeed, they
“ waited for my Report of Mr. *Bearfoot's*
“ Wounds; which when they heard were
“ truly dangerous, they resolved to carry
“ the Lady and the Mistress of the House
“ before a Justice of the Peace; as the
“ Land-

JAMES LOVEGROVE, *Esq*; 195

"Landlady could not, and the Lady did
"not chuse to give any Account of the
"Affair.

"To this I objected, as I was inform-
"ed the Lady was no further concerned
"than as a By-stander, having neither
"encouraged the Quarrel, nor taken Part
"with either Side: And as your Friend
"was alive, and the Party concerned had
"made his Escape, I thought it would be
"sufficient (as the Lady seemed by her
"Appearance, to be of some Character)
"to know where she might be found, in
"Case we could get any Insight into the
"Affair.

"But, in the Midst of our Consulta-
"tion, we heard a Gentleman hastening up
"Stairs, who, the Moment he entered,
"cried out, O G----d, 'tis she! and sunk
"down on the Floor.

"At Sight of this Gentleman, the Lady
"shrieked and struggled to get away;
"but the Company secured her, while I
"and another Gentleman brought the
"Stranger to himself.

K 2

"As

“ As he revived, he fixed his Eyes
“ stedfastly on the Lady, and said, Oh!
“ d---d Syren! insidious Wretch! was it
“ not sufficient that you made me a Beg-
“ gar? must you also defile my Bed, and
“ cancel all the Vows you made me?

“ At this, we all stared on the Lady,
“ who looked strangely confounded.

“ Are you, Sir, (said the Gentleman who
“ first called me in to the Stranger) this
“ Lady's Husband? — What! Sir, said
“ the Stranger, do you insult me? 'tis
“ too well known I am, though another
“ has tampered with her Weakness. —
“ But what! said he, recollecting himself,
“ where! and what means all this Dis-
“ turbance? And where is that Purse-
“ proud Wretch who tempted you to
“ stray from your lawful Husband?

“ To this, the Lady answered nothing.
“ But the Gentleman who had taken upon
“ him the Management of this Affair,
“ told the Husband, That about Ten
“ o'Clock, as he and another Gentleman
“ in Company were passing by that Door,
“ they heard a Pistol fired, and imme-
“ diately

JAMES LOVEGROVE, *Esq*; 197

“diately saw a Man hurrying out of the
“House: Upon which they pushed in at
“the Door with their Swords drawn, and
“got up Stairs into the Dining-room;
“where they found a Man lying on the
“Floor, bleeding and senseless, and that
“Lady in the utmost Confusion, endeavouring to hide herself in the Closet.
“Upon which they secured the Lady,
“and sent for a Surgeon to the wounded
“Man; but that before he could come,
“the Mob having got Scent of the Affair,
“broke into the House, and put all Things
“into Confusion: That the Surgeon
“(meaning me) when he came, had removed the Gentleman to his own House,
“as they could not there accommodate
“him, and was just then returned to enquire into the Cause of the Fray.

“To this, the Stranger made Answer,
“That he should be glad to see the wounded Man. It is to no Purpose, answered
“the Lady, the Gentleman that is wounded, is an entire Stranger to us all, and
“I am deservedly punished for the Wickedness of my Heart. Oh! my dearest
“Man, said she, (addressing herself to her Spouse) forgive me! forgive me
“the Wickedness that I have practised
K 3 against

“ against you.” “ As a Motive to incline me
 “ to forgive, confess your Faults, said he,
 “ and let me hear you clear yourself from
 “ the Accusation of Murder as well as
 “ Adultery?” At these Words, the Lady
 “ let fall a plenteous Shower of Tears,
 “ and after some little Pause, began her
 “ Narrative to this Effect:

“ It is now, my dearest and most in-
 “ jured Love, a Month, since I was de-
 “ coyed from your Arms, by the dazzling
 “ Appearance of that Villain *Lutterel*. The
 “ Moment we had eluded your Search,
 “ he brought me to these Lodgings, where
 “ he used me as I deserved: For, besides
 “ his Cruelty and Imperiousness to me,
 “ he was to the last Degree, jealous of
 “ my stirring Abroad. He pretended it
 “ was on your Account, but I found his
 “ Maxim was, never to trust any of our
 “ Sex; as he has often told me, no Wo-
 “ man could ever withstand the Power of
 “ Gold. This iniquitous Opinion of our
 “ Sex, he learnt from keeping Company
 “ only with such as justified his Ob-
 “ servation. — Till this Morning, he
 “ has scarce ever been absent a Moment
 “ from me. He told me, the most ur-
 “ gent Business obliged him to leave me,
 “ and

JAMES LOVEGROVE, Esq; 194

"and begged that I would not stir out of
"my Lodgings. I promised him I would
"not, though I never intended keeping
"my Word with him; for before he had
"been gone half an Hour, I dressed my-
"self, with a design to walk to an House I
"was acquainted with, to secure a Part of
"his lavish Presents, to secure them my
"Love for thee.——"

"D—n thy lying Tongue, replied the
"Husband, what was all the Wealth this
"paltry World could heap together, in
"Comparifon of thy Loſs of Innocence!"

"Here the Lady ſhed abundance of
"Tears again; and the Husband ſat ſtill
"with his Eyes fixed on the Ground."

"But, continued ſhe, as I was walk-
"ing toward the City, it was my Misfor-
"tune, going rather too faſt, to turn upon
"my Ankle, which flung me down with
"great Violence on the Pavement.

"The Gentleman who has been wound-
"ed was at that Moment paſſing by; he
"ſaw me fall, and ran back to ſave me,
"but it was too late: However he helped

“me up, and was obliged to hold me,
“for I could stand but on one Foot.

“I saw him much perplexed; and indeed, he blushed up to the Ears.”—
“What must I do, Madam, said he,
“Shall I call a Coach? Yes, Sir, replied
“I, if you please. By Accident, there
“was one coming by; he lifted me in,
“and perceiving that I was in great Torture, he begged Leave to accompany
“me Home:” “For, said he, I see you
“are a married Woman.”

“I was glad of the Offer, as the Pain
“made me sick, and I was fearful that I
“might faint, and if alone, have no Help
“to support me.

“In less than half an Hour, the Coach
“drove us here; my Servant was gone
“out, so the Gentleman kindly lifted me
“in, and brought me up Stairs into the
“Dining-room. But Oh! guess my Surprise, when I saw *Lutterel* sitting in the
“Window!

“At Sight of the poor, innocent Gentleman, he rose with the utmost Wrath
“and Indignation, and drawing forth his
“Sword

“ Sword, made a push at him, but not
“ being near enough, the Sword sunk as
“ he bent forward, and entered the poor
“ Gentleman’s Thigh : At this the Gen-
“ tleman dropped me, and snatching at the
“ Sword, broke it in two ; whereupon,
“ *Lutterel* with the Hilt, struck at the Gen-
“ tleman’s Temple, and felled him to the
“ Ground.

“ Having done thus much, he looked
“ at me, and pulling out a Pistol, he
“ turned his back and shot at me, swear-
“ ing he could not look in my Face and
“ shoot.

“ He fired the Pistol, and happily miss’d
“ me, but he staid not to see its Effect ;
“ for having, (as he supposed) compleat-
“ ed our Business, he ran down Stairs and
“ hurried out of the House.

“ In a few Minutes after, several of
“ these Gentlemen appeared, and as to
“ what has happened since, they best can
“ relate it.

“ At the End of this Relation, the di-
“ stracted Husband, cried out,” “ Oh,
“ would to G—d, the Pistol of *Lutterel*
“ had taken Place!

CHAP. VI.

A Continuation of the Conversation between Mr. Walters the Surgeon, in Grosvenor-street, old Mr. Lovegrove, the Father of our Heroe, our Heroe himself, and Capt. Jefferies, our Heroe's Uncle by Courtesy.

“THE Company having heard this
 “ Account, (which for the most Part,
 “ was also supported by the Landlady) were
 “ of Opinion, that the Lady could not di-
 “ rectly be accused of the Misfortune which
 “ had happened; and seeing her very Pe-
 “ netential, and she assuring us, that she
 “ was intirely convinced of her Guilt, and
 “ sincerely desired a Reconciliation, we
 “ endeavoured to bring it about.

“ It was some Time before we could
 “ prevail upon the Husband to take his
 “ Eyes from the Ground. At length,
 “ he moved them forwards towards his
 “ Wife, who, indeed, is a most beautiful
 “ Woman, seeing her so lovely, and withal
 “ so contrite and dejected, we could per-
 “ ceive Compassion strongly working in
 “ his Heart, and after some Pause, (during
 “ which he kept his Eyes fixed on her)
 “ he

“ he started up and ran to embrace her ;
 “ she arose also to meet him ; but just as
 “ she was opening her Arms to receive
 “ him, he cried out, “ Oh d—n those
 “ polluted Arms ! how they stink of *Lut-*
 “ *terel's* filthy Lust ! ” “ As he said this,
 “ he flung himself down on the Ground,
 “ and with grievous Sighs, complained
 “ of his unhappy Fate. She kneeled down
 “ before him, tearing her Arms with her
 “ Nails till the Blood started in a thou-
 “ sand Places through her delicate Skin.”
 “ Thus ! thus ! said she, (and repeated
 “ the dreadful Act) will I tear out the
 “ Stains of my enormous Pollution.”

“ The Husband stared in her Face, and
 “ seemed for a while to doat on her
 “ Charms ; then, when he had worked
 “ himself to his highest Pitch of Rapture
 “ and Love, (remembering her Crime) he
 “ would melt into Tears, or beat his Head
 “ against the Floor, and vehemently pray
 “ to be taken from such Trials of Afflic-
 “ tion.

“ We, the By-standers, knew not what
 “ to say or advise : The Case was deli-
 “ cate, and we saw a Willingness in the
 “ the

“ the Husband to forgive if he could
“ forget.

“ But alas! a few Moments ended our
“ Uncertainty! The full-swoln Heart of
“ the poor Husband was too much con-
“ fined within the narrow Limits of his
“ Body. And whether it was with any
“ inward Emotion, or the Blows that he
“ gave himself, with beating his Head on
“ the Floor, we cannot say, but in the
“ midst of his Transports, he changed as
“ black as a Coal, and ere we could guess
“ the Cause, breathed out his last at the
“ Feet of his Wife!

“ We now were convinced by the Be-
“ haviour of the Lady, that she had too
“ late resolved upon Affection and Love.
“ Her Tears, her Sighs and Lamenta-
“ tions were, I believe, sincere and art-
“ less, as she every Moment accused her-
“ self of Avarice and Folly. She clung
“ round the yet warm Body of her Life-
“ less Husband, and prayed with a Solem-
“ nity, that shocked us all, to be released
“ from Life and follow him into Eternity.

“ But I dwell too long on the Subject.”

“ Not at all, Sir, said old Lovegrove, tho’
“ me-

“methinks the Lady was but ill prepared
“to follow her Husband.

“She was not, answered *Walters*, and
“so we observed to her. She acquiesced,
“and prayed to be forgiven. One honest
“Gentleman told her, she had too much
“to answer for; and advised to a Life of
“Mortification and Penitence.

“In the mean Time I endeavoured by
“Venesection, and every Application I
“could think of, to bring back the wretch-
“ed Husband to Life; but all Efforts
“were vain; his Soul was fled, and would
“not return to its former Seat of Misery.”

“The Lady, after some few Minutes
“silent Sorrow and Reflection, begged
“the Gentlemen would retire, and leave
“her alone with the Landlady. We
“obeyed, and went down Stairs to con-
“sult among ourselves, what should be
“done in these melancholy Circum-
“stances.

“We agreed to send one of our Number,
“which was four, to offer our Service to
“the Lady, and beg the favour of her
“Name, that we might acquaint her Friends
“with her unhappy Circumstances: This
“Office fell to me.

“I there-

“ I therefore waited upon the Lady.”
 “ I beg Pardon, Sir, said old Mr. Lovegrove, but, if you please, Sir, I am impatient to hear the Lady’s Name.” “ It is *Airy*,” said Mr. Walters. “ *Airy!* *Airy!*” re-ecchoed Mr. Lovegrove, his Son, and the Captain. “ O, Heavens! cried James, my Friend *Airy* dead! murdered by that worst of Women!”

Mr. Walters was greatly amazed to find the Company so well acquainted with the Lady, and told them that she was then in the next House, where, by his Advice, she had retired till she could write to her Uncle in the Country.

“ Well, cried old Mr. Lovegrove, (lifting up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven) “ I give thee Thanks, O Providence, that “ thou hast so miraculously preserved my “ Son from the Snares of this Harlot! “ But, continued he, turning to the Company, my poor Friend *Bearfoot*, that he “ should be a Sufferer by mistaken Jealousy, and brought into such Dangers “ by *Mellmour*’s d—d Daughter, is, I “ confess, an amazing Instance of the “ unforeseen Will of Heaven! Excuse, “ us, good Sir, but we must beg Leave

“ to

“to wait immediately on our Friend, he
“has not yet, I suppose, heard who was
“the Cause of his Misfortunes.”

“Indeed, Sir, replied Mr. *Walters*, Mr.
“*Bearfoot*’s Condition will not permit
“much Conversation, but I am silent;
“be pleased to walk up, and satisfy your-
“selves from the Appearance of your
“Friend, what you are to expect.”

Upon this Mr. *Walters* led the Way,
and conducted the Travellers into Mr.
Bearfoot’s Apartment. As soon as they
entered, Mr. *Bearfoot* turned to look upon
them, but was silent.—Mr. *Walters* ad-
vanced to the Bedside; “I fear, said the
“Surgeon, by the Wildness of his Eyes,
“your Friend is in no Condition to talk.”

Mr. *Lovegrove* drew near with Tears
in his Eyes: “My dear *Bearfoot*,” said
he.—Mr. *Bearfoot* still kept his Eyes fixed.
James and the Captain were greatly affect-
ed at this mournful Spectacle.

“It will be in vain, Gentlemen, said
“Mr. *Walters*, to stay here, we shall only
“hurry our Patient; and, if he has a
“Mo-

“Moment’s Recollection, strain his Faculties too much.”

Mr. *Lovegrove* withdrew with the Surgeon. “Sir, said the old Gentleman, I cannot leave my Friend in this terrible Situation, can I be accommodated in your House?” “Sir, replied Mr. *Walters*, I never yet admitted a Stranger into my House, nor should I have done it now, but for the necessitous Condition of your Friend.

“However, Sir, continued he, in our Neighbourhood you may be accommodated with Lodgings, and if you please I will send my Servant to look out for you.”

“Any where that you please, replied old Mr. *Lovegrove*, except in the House where that *Syren* lodges.”

Accordingly, a Servant being sent, soon returned, with an Account of a very convenient House within ten Doors of the Surgeon, where the three Gentlemen might be accommodated.”

C H A P. VII.

Mr. Bearfoot grows better. An Epistle from a Female to an old Man. A strange Disaster.

MR. Lovegrove having sent for the Baggage from his old Lodgings, and settled his Affairs in the House recommended by the Surgeon, wrote a Letter to Mr. Bearfoot's Friends in Cornwall, representing his dangerous Situation.

The next Morning after his fixing, Mr. Walters came to his Lodging, and acquainted him with Mr. Bearfoot's Condition, which he with Joy assured him was better than he expected.

Mr. Walters had told our Heroe's Tutor, that he had found out his Friends, and the good Man was desirous of seeing them; wherefore Mr. Walters upon Promise that they would stay but a short Time with his Patient, agreed to the Interview.

As soon as Mr. Bearfoot saw his old Friend, he cried out very sedately, " Mr. Love-

“ *Lovegrove*, be not concerned, I am a
 “ single Man, my Affairs in this World
 “ are settled; and I shall die indebted to
 “ no Man.” — “ Think not, I beseech
 “ you of dying, my dear Friend, said old
 “ Mr. *Lovegrove*,” (*James* standing by him
 with his Face covered with his Handker-
 chief). “ Yes, Mr. *Lovegrove*, replied
 “ *Bearfoot*, the Man that dare not think
 “ of dying is unfit to live.

“ My Father, continued *Bearfoot*, de-
 “ fired I might be buried near him, other-
 “ wise ’twas equal to me; this World can-
 “ not hide me from the general Resurrec-
 “ tion, and no particular Place will make
 “ my Appearance more favourable. Such
 “ as I am, such as I have been, God knows,
 “ and his Will be done. I need not tell
 “ you I die in the Catholick Faith, I have
 “ ever I hope, steadily remained firm in
 “ that Belief, and was not I bless God,
 “ to be laughed out of my hopes of Im-
 “ mortality by the Ribbaldry of licen-
 “ tious Wits. I am sensible I have been
 “ an imperfect” — Here Mr. *Wal-*
ters interposed, “ Gentlemen, said he,
 “ Mr. *Bearfoot* is, I thank God better,
 “ but too much Conversation may disturb
 “ him, let me beg of you to retire.” —
 “ Do

JAMES LOVEGROVE, *Esq*; 211

"Do not tell me of retiring, said *Bearfoot*, am I not dying? and may not the
"Dying, while they are on Earth, enjoy
"their Friends, the greatest of all human
"Enjoyments?"

"My dear Friend, said old Mr. *Lovegrove*, we leave you now, that we may for
"a longer Season, secure your Existence
"amongst us."—

"I tell you, replied Mr. *Bearfoot*, with
"Emotion" ——— But what he said we
know not, as the Gentlemen had reached
the Door as he was speaking. ———

When Mr. *Lovegrove* came down Stairs,
he found a Note left in the Parlour, directed to him; which; when he had opened,
he found charged with the following
Contents.

Most Honour'd Sir,

"If you can have Charity enough left
"to believe an unfortunate and licentious
"Woman, you will not hesitate to come to
"the Lodgings I am at present in, to hear
"some Things relating to your Family,
"which

“ which are most interesting to your Peace
“ and Quiet.

Yours, *I hope with Sincerity,*

CHARLOTTE HARRIET (*Alas!*) AIRY.

Our Heroe's Father presented the Letter to his Son. “ Here, *James*, said he, what
“ are we to guess from that ? ” “ Why,
“ Sir, said *James*, 'tis too short to be a
“ Lie. ” — “ But how did she know, said
“ Mr. *Lovegrove*, that I was here ? ” “ That,
“ Sir, replied Mr. *Walters*, I told the
“ Lady last Night. ” “ *James*, continued
“ the old Gentleman, this Story must be
“ something concerning you, can you
“ stand the Shock, Boy ? ” “ Yes, Sir,
“ replied our Heroe, and if agreeable, I
“ invite Captain *Jefferies* to attend also. ”
— “ Well, said Mr. *Lovegrove*, upon that
“ Condition I care not if I spend an Hour
“ in the Jilt's Company. ” — As he spoke
these Words, a Servant came down Stairs,
and said, Mr. *Bearfoot* was much worse. ” ---
At this, Mr. *Walters* hastened up, and
continued with Mr. *Bearfoot* near half an
Hour.

It

It is easily to be supposed what the Company felt during this Interval; but at Length their Fear gave Place to the most unwelcome Certainty. Mr. *Walters* came down; he could not give a favourable Account, and they justly suspected the worst.

“ I dare not ask, said Mr. *Lovegrove*.”—
 “ I dare not answer, replied the Surgeon.”—

Here a melancholy Pause ensued. —
 “ Our Fears then are too true, said the Captain?” “ They are indeed, Sir, answered Mr. *Walters*. ”

Poor *James* sunk down at the News; his Frame was delicate and tender, and his Heart made of the softest Materials.

Old Mr. *Lovegrove* stood with his Eyes fixed on the Ground, his Hands knit together. “ O Providence, cried he, how unsearchable are thy Ways, and how little Judges are we of what is right! “ Such an unforeseen Accident! What is Prudence! what is Foresight! Blessed be God, we are all under his Law and
 “ Di-

“ Direction ; and happy is he, that can,
“ on all Occasions, say with Submission,
“ *Thy Will be done !*

James looked up at these Words ; they were the Words of Comfort, because they were the Words of Religion. “ Heaven grant, said he, we may not over act our Parts here, and too much forget we are only on a temporary Stage ! ” “ Right, my good Lad, said old Mr. Lovegrove, but how difficult it is to view with dispassionate Eyes, this visionary Fabrick ! It seems to most of us so very substantial that we seldom are able to look through it : And yet is it but a momentary Dream, tho’ recorded in the Volumes of Eternity.”

Mr. Walters here interposed. “ You will forgive my Interruption, Sir, the Subject charms me ; I cannot help observing with Concern, that the Gentlemen of our physical Profession, who are best acquainted with the Wonders of Creation, and daily see before their Eyes the expiring Lamps of their Brethren ; I say, it is wonderful that they should be the most remarkable Disbelievers of the Truths these awful

JAMES LOVEGROVE, *Esq.* 213

“ful Sight should most strongly impress
“upon them.”

“I am pleased, said Captain *Jefferies*,
“to hear you, Sir, thus forcibly acknow-
“ledging a more lively Faith.”

“And I am pleased, resumed old
“Mr. *Lovegrove*, to hear a Captain in a
“Marching Regiment, applauding the
“honest Feelings of a good Christian.”

“Why, pray, Brother, replied the Cap-
“tain, are you so severe upon the Sol-
“diers? I believe them to be more
“open, but not much worse than their
“Neighbours. And now, pray, where is the
“Difference between a blunt Soldier who
“scorns to go to Church because he don’t
“like it, and a fat Country ‘Squire, who
“goes to snore out the Service; or a su-
“percilious Tradesman, who righteously
“employs his Sunday in his Counting
“House, and regards his Duty full as
“little as the Soldier, who has Frankness
“enough to confess his Disinclination to
“Religion?”

“Oh, Uncle! replied *James*, consider
“the Officer has much to answer for from
“his

“ his Example ; nor is he less disobedient
“ by such Practices to his King than to his
“ G---d.

“ Well spoken, *James*, replied Mr. *Love-
grove*.”

“ Yes, replied the Captain, but I be-
“ lieve there are very few Officers in the
“ Army, though good Soldiers, that ever
“ conceived themselves bound by their
“ Military Engagements to watch over
“ the Morals of their Soldiers.”

“ It is Pity then, answered old Mr. *Love-
grove*, but what they were better in-
“ structed in that Part of their Duty : It
“ might save many from the Gallows here-
“ after, and introduce better Discipline
“ with regard to Oaths, Liquor and Wo-
“ men. — But alas ! how easily are we
“ led from the Remembrance of those
“ who are passed away from us ! Poor
“ Mr. *Bearfoot*, thy Will shall be religi-
“ ously observed ! and I myself will attend
“ thy Hearse to the Place of thy Nati-
“ vity.”

“ That was, I think, Sir, said *James*,
“ in *Cornwall*.” “ It was, replied Mr.
Love-

"*Lovegrove*; and it was Mr. *Bearfoot's*
 "dying Request to be carried there. ----
 "Mr. *Walters*, continued he, turning to
 "the Surgeon, will you give me Leave
 "to beg the Favour of you to order
 "the necessary Solemnities? I would have
 "it decent, but not tawdry: Let it by no
 "means be wanting in Respect; neither
 "let us, by a magnificent Shew, impose
 "upon the World, and make them think
 "that we are carrying some great Person-
 "age to his final Habitation."

Mr. *Walters* promised to obey. "But,
 "Sir, said he, have not you some En-
 "gagement upon your Hands with my dis-
 "tressed Female Patient?" "That, replied
 "Mr. *Lovegrove*, I shall postpone till my
 "Return from *Cornwall*, for no other
 "Thoughts shall get Possession of me till
 "I have performed the last sad Offices to
 "my departed Friend."

"We purpose to attend you, Sir, said
 "Captain *Jefferies* and *James*. I am pleased
 "to hear your Resolutions. Or rather,
 "*James*, would it not be best for you to
 "return to ———; your Mother will be
 "inconsolable for your Loss."

“ Sir, replied *James*, my Mother will
 “ not blame my Resolution not to be
 “ wanting in Respect to the Memory of
 “ my Friend ; neither would she wish that
 “ you should travel alone.”

“ Well then, replied Mr. *Lovegrove*,
 “ write Word to Night, of the melancholy
 “ Occasion of our Departure from *London*:
 “ And assure your Mother that we will be
 “ back as soon as the Business will per-
 “ mit.

C H A P. VIII.

*The Burial of an old Friend, and the Revival
 of an older Friend. Catterwauling, and
 so forth.*

MR. *Walters* having given Direc-
 tions for the Funeral, and all
 Things being prepared, the old Gentle-
 man and our Heroe, and Captain *Jeffe-
 ries*, set out with the Body of their Friend
Bearfoot, for ——— in *Cornwall*. I shall
 not detain my Readers with an Account
 of their Journey, as nothing remarkable
 happened: Be it sufficient to say, they
 saw the last Remains of the good Mr.
Bearfoot,

JAMES LOVEGROVE, *Esq*; 219

Bearfoot, decently interred in the Vault of his Family.

The Sight of such a Funeral being very unusual in those Parts, great Numbers flocked around during the Solemnity.

As the Coach returned to the House from whence the Funeral set out, a Gentleman rode up, and begged the Coachman to stop; which Request being complied with, (though not without the Captain's putting on a Look of Ferocity, which broke forth from between his Cloke and his Hatband) the Gentleman pulled off his Hat, and desired to know, if a Gentleman named *Lovegrove*, was not in the Coach? *James* replied, that he was the Person. Upon which the Gentleman cried out, "Oh, my dear Friend *James*, "I thought it was you; Time perhaps has "hardened my Features, but I am in "Hopes you will soon recollect in my "Face, the Image of your old School- "fellow *Jonathan*."

"Good Heaven! cried our Heroe, "thou hast no sooner bereaved me of one "Friend than thou bringest me another "to comfort me! My dear *Jonathan*, (ex-

“ cuse the Expression, it comes from my
“ Heart) tell me by what unforeseen For-
“ tune I behold thee here?” “ That, said
“ Mr *Jonathan Bradley*, must be the Subject
“ of some future Conversation. Nor am
“ I less impatient to enquire after the
“ Welfare of my Friend; but give me
“ Leave at present to ask you, how long
“ will your Stay be in these Parts?”
“ To Morrow, said our Heroe, we de-
“ part; my Father is alone in the preceding
“ Coach, we shall make no Stay here;
“ we came to pay the last Offices to a
“ departed Friend, and have no other
“ Business in this Place.”

“ Where then shall you be to Night,
“ said *Jonathan*?” “ At our Inn at -----,
“ where I hope I shall enjoy the Com-
“ pany of my Friend.” “ Z——ds!
“ how unfortunate, said *Jonathan*! An
“ Affair of Life and Death, calls me too
“ into your Neighbourhood; but I fear
“ it will detain me from you. I shall be
“ at the next House to your Inn; and
“ yet I must to Night (as far as I can fore-
“ see) relinquish all Thoughts of conver-
“ sing with you.

“ It

“ It must be a Lady, Sir, said the
“ Captain, and a Lady alone that can
“ detain you in such Circumstances from
“ your Friend.”

“ You guess right, Sir, replied *Jonath-*
“ *an*; or, if I may speak in a bolder
“ Phrase, it is not a Lady but an Angel.”

James smiled: “ Thou we’rt always *Jo-*
“ *nathan*, said he, a Lad of lively Parts,
“ and the Fair-Sex were ever your Ad-
“ miration.”

“ And were they never yours? said
“ *Jonathan*.” Here *James* sigh’d.

“ Whew! cried the Captain, a Plague
“ take these Lovers; now we shall for
“ these next two Hours, hear nothing
“ but Caterwauling.

“ To prevent which, said Mr. *Bradley*,
“ I will retire; I obstruct the Procession.—
“ Well, my Friend, at least half an Hour
“ before my Engagement commences, I
“ will get the Sight of you — at the
“ *Red Lion*, is it not?

“ Yes, Sir, answered *James*, we shall
 “ be there in less than an Hour.”

“ And who, (said the Captain, as *Jonathan* rode away) who may that honest
 “ Sailor be?” “ Sailor, replied *James*.
 “ Aye, said the Captain, I’ll be hanged
 “ if he is not one, you might see it not
 “ only by his riding, but by his Face and
 “ Address.”

“ ’Tis true, said *James*, I do remember
 “ to have heard my Friend was in the
 “ Merchants Service, but I have never
 “ since recollected it, nor should now, but
 “ from your Observation.”

The Discourse then turned upon indifferent Topicks, few of which we shall for the future admit in our History, as we have much Work to do in a very little Compass.

When the Coaches drove into the Inn and the Company were alighted, *James* acquainted his Father, that he had found an old Friend in the Country.

Mr. Lovegrove desired he might be introduced; *James* went in quest of his Friend, but *Jonathan* rather chose to be
 in

in private; wherefore the two School-fellows retired into a Room by themselves, and began the Conversation which the Reader will find in the next Chapter.

CH A P. IX.

A Conversation-piece.

“ **A**S to my Part, said *James*, I have
 “ experienced no great Change in
 “ my Circumstances since I saw you last,
 “ which I think was Seven or Eight Years
 “ ago. I was born to expect my Father’s
 “ Fortune would descend to me, and I
 “ thank God, I never yet wished myself
 “ in Possession of it.”

“ Very Laconick, truly, said *Bradley*,
 “ but do you think to escape so, my good
 “ Friend? No, no, *James*, there is not a
 “ Cranny in your Heart but I will be ad-
 “ mitted to inspect.” “ And do you
 “ intend then, answered *James*, to unfold
 “ every Plait in your own Breast, *Jona-*
 “ *than*?” At this *Jonathan* blushed.
 “ Indeed, my Friend, said he, I should
 “ be ashamed to do it. Half a Year ago I
 “ could

“ could have done it with Pleasure, but
 “ now I am hampered.

“ Hampered! Ha! ha! ha! said *James*,
 “ smiling, why, I have been hampered
 “ and unhampered again, as often as a
 “ *Pymont* Water-bottle, since I left School,
 “ and yet” — Here an involuntary
 Sigh broke through his Mirth.

“ What! cried *Jonathan*, are you ham-
 “ pered again, sprightly *Monfieur Pymont*?
 “ *mont*?

“ But for one Thought, said *James*, and
 “ I could smile through all my History.”

“ But for one Thought, answered *Jonathan*,
 “ and I could smile through all my
 “ History.”

“ Then may we truly say, replied *James*,

*Utrumque nostrum incredibili modo
 Consentit astrum —*

“ Pshaw, cried *Jonathan*, what is that,
 “ Greek now, or Latin, for I have for-
 “ gotten them; *Homer*, I warrant me?”

James

James smiled.——“I beg Pardon my
“ Friend.” “Nay, said *Jonathan*, I am
“ a Match for you now; for if you utter
“ another crooked Letter, I’ll box the
“ Compass about and about again.

“ But this precious half Hour, said
“ *James*”——“will soon be out, replied *Jo-*
“ *nathan*; and so without any more ado,
“ I’ll tell you honestly that I am within
“ an Ace of marrying an Angel with the
“ L—d knows how much Money; but
“ hang the Money, so I do but get the
“ Lafs.”

“ Her Name, her Name? said *James*.
“ Her Name, answered *Jonathan*; Pho,
“ her Name is—is to be *Bradley* I hope,
“ in eight and forty Hours.” “What!
“ so near Matrimony, answered *James*,
“ and not know the Name of your Mis-
“ tress?” “Why, *James*, replied *Jona-*
“ *than*, what signifies her Name; her
“ Name is Good-nature, Modesty, Grace-
“ fulness—and an hundred other pretty
“ Words which the rough Element has
“ stolen from my forgetful Tongue.”

“ And is she true *Cornish* Breed, pure
“ Tin, and no Lead in her Composition?”

said our Heroe with a Smile.----“ Ask
“ not that, said *Jonathan*, thereby hangs
“ a Tale----but----*James*, faith, I must ask
“ your Advice in a certain Point?”-----
“ Do it, my Friend, and I will answer,
“ said *James*, as honestly as I can. “ May
“ we not then, continued *Jonathan*, some-
“ times use Artifices in Love?

“ Your Question is too general, re-
“ plied our Heroe, and can have no other
“ general Answer but this : We may not.”

“ Not in any Case whatever, replied
“ *Jonathan*?”

“ You now are coming to the Point I
“ suppose, said *James*?”

“ I am, said Mr. *Bradley*.”

“ A Lady tells me, she will consent to
“ be mine, provided she finds herself for-
“ saken of her Friends : Now *James*, is
“ there any great Hurt in intercepting
“ her Letters to those Friends, and keep-
“ ing her in a State of Ignorance till the
“ Match is made ? ---- Observe me : The
“ Friends will still continue her Friends,
“ and

JAMES LOVEGROVE, *Esq*; 227

"and I shall only gain my Mistress by an
"innocent Artifice."

"Innocent as it is, said *James*, I would
"not be guilty of it to gain the whole
"World."

"*James*, replied Mr. *Bradley*, had you
"ever seen the Face of my Charmer, you
"would inevitably alter your Opinion."

"I hope I should not, said our Heroe,
"I have seen Beauties in my Time."

"Well, but my Friend, said *Jonathan*,
"interrupting him, can you contrive Mat-
"ters so as to be present at my Wedding
"to Morrow?"

"Why, are you really to be married,
"said *James*?"

"I am, replied *Jonathan*: The fair
"Lady has promised, if she hears no-
"thing from her Friends this Night, to
"go with me to the Altar to Morrow."

"Then, answered *James*, I will endea-
"vour to stay my Father's Purpose from
"proceeding to *London* to Morrow; and
"will

“ will certainly attend you. But let me ask
 “ you one Question? Will it be proper
 “ to bring my Father and Uncle, Capt.
 “ *Jefferies* with me ?”

“ To the Church, said *Jonathan*, but
 “ not to the House without my Charmer’s
 “ Consent.”

“ *James* then pressed hard to know the
 Lady’s Name, but *Jonathan* waved the
 Discourse: And, indeed, though he had
 but just found an old Friend, he could
 not help every Minute looking to see if
 his Time was expired; which *James* per-
 ceiving, begged he might not detain him
 from his Mistress, as his Affairs were then
 drawing so near to an happy Conclusion.

Jonathan was easily excused, and for
 that Night took his Leave.

C H A P. X.

*Oh wonderful! Madam Charlotte Harriet
 is at length introduced to the Family of
 the Lovegrove’s, and becomes connected
 in the same Degree of Relationship with
 our Heroë, to the Family of the Byrons.*

O UR Heroë having conducted his
 Friend out of the Inn, and wished
 him an honest Success, went in quest of
 his

his Father and the Captain; whom he found very busily imployed, reading a large Parcel of Writings, with the utmost Attention.---As he entered, old Mr. *Lovegrove* cried out---“Such a Scene of Iniquity is here discovered, *James*, as will make your young unexperienced Hairs start from your Head.

“Any News from Miss *Jennour*?” said *James*, with the utmost Eagerness. ---
 “We hope, replied the Captain, she is quite safe.” (“Heavens be blessed and praised!” cried *James*.) “Not that this Packet gives us any Account of her; this comes from *Harriet*.” “Or *Charlotte*,” said *James*). “Or both,” said his Father. “She is, *James*, said the old Gentleman-----but you shall hear her own History, we have not gone through it; and it is so interesting and amazing, that we shall with Attention hear it a second Time : Come, Captain, your Eyes are better than mine, you shall read it.”—Upon which the Captain took up the first Sheet of a Letter, which Mr. *Lovegrove* had that Day received by the ——— Coach from *London*, and read to the following Effect.

My

My much honoured Relation,

WHEN I found by Mr. *Walters*, that you did not intend to see me till your Return to *London*, I thought it would best answer my Intention, in disclosing what you will here peruse, to do it in Writing; as there are many Parts which (I thank God) I blush to recollect, and which, yet, are very necessary that you should know.

Without any more Preface, know then, Sir, I am the Daughter of your Wife's Sister Mrs. *Harriet Byron*, by a Gentleman whose Name, (as she has often told me) was *Eveling*.—

“A Rascal! muttered old Mr. *Lovegrove*.”

In what Manner my Mother continued to conceal my Birth from her Relations, I know not.—

“But I do, said *James*.”

“Aye, how?” replied Mr. *Lovegrove*.

“*Clip,*

JAMES LOVEGROVE, *Esq*; 231

"*Clip*, Sir, said he, had partly the Management of it."

"An old hypocritical Dog! said Mr. Lovegrove. But Captain at present proceed---I'll *Clip* him."

---But all I can inform you, Sir, is, that I and another Child which my Mother had by the same Father, (who is since dead) were bred up in *London* together, under the Care of a Wretch, a Creature of *Eveling's*, who had formerly married an old Mistress of his.

You may easily suppose, my Morals were not much attended to, in a House, where (as the Mistress was a convenient Milliner) we often saw the utmost Familiarity between the Sexes.

My Mother, who was conscious that when I grew up, I should infallibly fall a Sacrifice to the Fashion of the House, assured me that I should be taken away early; but poor Woman! she was seized with a fatal Disorder in *London*, when I was but twelve Years old, and died in the very House where she had two Children educating under

under the Care and Tuition of the convenient Mr. *Mellmour*. "H. to the same"

On her Death-bed, my Mother left me in strict Charge with Mr. *Mellmour*, and extracted a Promise from him, that he would when I was grown up, carry me into your Neighbourhood, and place me as near your Son as he conveniently could: —

Here all the Company started, *James* lifted up his Hands, his Face covered "with Blushes."

And to secure this Point with *Mellmour*, my Mother called me to the Bed-side, and asked me, if I was willing to obey her last Will and Command?

I told her, with Tears in my Eyes, I was. Then promise me, said she, to give this honest Man a thousand Pounds, if ever you should marry young Mr. *Lovegrove*.

"A thousand Lashes! unconscionable Wretch!" said Mr. *Lovegrove*; a pretty, "convenient Brick House that, but thank God, I was too many for the Rascal.

But

"But read on Captain, I beg Pardon,
"but this thousand Pounds sticks con-
"foundedly in my Throat."

The Captain then proceeded.----I know him not, Mamma, said I, who is he? He is rich, said she, and that is enough.

Which Answer satisfied me; for I had ever been brought up to esteem Riches and Finery in Preference to every thing else in the World.

After my Mother was dead, Mr. *Eveling* was not so punctual in his Payments for our Board as he used to be, and *Mellmour* began to look upon me as an Incumbrance to him.

Three Years passed away, in the last of which, *Mellmour* heard nothing of Mr. *Eveling*, which made him use me very indifferently: And at last he called me to him, and told me, that I must provide for myself, for he could not afford to keep me.

At this, I burst into Tears, and told him, I had no Friend in the World to go to,

to, and must be starved if he turned me adrift.

He seemed softened by my Tears, and took me to his Arms.----At that Moment his Wife entered from the Shop.

Oh! ho! said she, (running up to me and tearing my Cap and half my Hair from my Head, am I to keep W——s in my House for you, my sweet Sir, to solace yourself with? Get out of my Doors, continued she, ye impudent Baggage; and if ever I meet you here again, I'll maul that pretty Face of yours, I warrant you.

Mellmour was silent, he feared his Wife; he had married meanly, and behaved so throughout.

I was forced to fly; and knowing not what to do, I crossed over to a Milliner's in the Neighbourhood, and begged Leave to sit a while with them.

They saw me in Tears, and asked me the Cause. I told them, my Mother (for I always passed for the Child of Mrs. *Mell-*

JAMES LOVEGROVE, Esq; 235

Mellmour) had beat me, but that I hoped all Things would soon be made up.

In the mean Time *Mellmour* came over, his Wife's Fury had made him look upon me in a different Light. ---- So true it is, that Opposition is the surest Way to continue Error or strengthen Desire.

His Eyes were open: He had before looked upon me as an Infant; his Wife had taught him to think otherwise.

Charlotte, said he, my dearest *Charlotte*, be not afraid, I will take Care of you; your Mamma will also forgive you; come my Dear over with me, and you shall want for nothing.

This was joyful News to my timorous Heart, I returned, and was surprized to find Mrs. *Mellmour* behave to me with the utmost Civility and Good-nature.

She took me aside with her into the Closet, and examined me concerning her Husband's Behaviour. I told her the Truth, and the Reason for my Tears.

Bar-

Barbarous Man, cried she, to torment my pretty, little innocent Lamb!---But how came he to kiss you, *Charlotte*?

Because I cried, Madam, answered I. Then never cry again, said she; and if ever he offers to serve you so rudely again, let me know it; will you *Charlotte*?

Yes, Madam:

But will you indeed, upon your Word?

I will indeed, Madam.

And now, *Charlotte*, said she, let me ask you a Question? How should you like a Sweet-heart?

I have no Thoughts about such Things, Madam, answered I.

Then, said she, it is Time you had; for here is my Lord -----, loves you to Destruction.

Has he more Money, Madam, said I, than Mr. *Lovegrove*?

Pho,

JAMES LOVEGROVE, *Esq*; 237

Pho, Nonsense, said she, Yes, and a Coach and Six.

Then, I replied, he will not marry, such a poor Girl as I am.

Yes, but he will, continued she, if you are not ill-natured: He swears he will never have a Woman that refuses him any Thing; but if he finds a handsome Lass with Good-nature, he shall prefer her to all the World. -----

---- But however, Sir, I will not trespass on your Time. You see I was neither in a Condition, from my Manner of Life, nor from my Circumstances, nor from my Religion, nor from those about me, to make any great Resistance in the Cause of Virrue. Be it sufficient then, to say, that my Lord came, and I was too good-natured. ----

At these Words, *James* started, " Oh
" deceitful Wretch! said he. Father! Fa-
" ther! how much am I indebted to your
" paternal Care! I had otherwise mar-
" ried----what shall I say?"----

" A

“A W—e! said old *Lovegrove*, and a
“rank one too!” But pray Captain pro-
ceed.

---- His Lordship was by no Means so
well satisfied with my Good-nature as I
expected; nay, it made him indifferent:
So that after about one Month's Court-
ship, his Lordship told me, he was d----d
sorry for it; but swore by all the Powers
on Earth, his Father would not let him
marry.----

I was Thunder-struck at this News,
for in Truth. my Maiden Affections were
placed upon him. For several Weeks I
gave myself up to Crying and Sorrow;
but *Mellmour* endeavoured all he could to
assuage my Grief, and after some Time
proposed to me in the Summer, to set
out and fulfill my Mother's Injunctions.

To this I agreed, for my Mind was
strongly fixed upon the Joys of a rich
Husband; and *Mellmour* promised to get
every Thing ready.

But, however, all our Schemes would
certainly have failed, had not the Small-
Pox carried off Mrs. *Mellmour* and my
Sister,

Sister. *Mellmour*, you may suppose, Sir, put on the Face of Sorrow, but he was heartily rejoiced to be delivered from his Yoke-fellow.

His Behaviour to me was now very different; for he had no one to controul him; I blush to think he had no one, Sir, for my Honour and Modesty were asleep. ----

“ Whew! Honour and Modesty, cried
 “ *Lovegrove*, what a She Devil was here,
 “ a common Prostitute! Good Heavens!
 “ Captain, we may bless our Stars, every
 “ Body is not acquainted with this rotten
 “ Branch in our Family. But read on
 “ Captain, I beg Pardon, read on Cap-
 “ tain.”

---- We came down to —, early in the Spring, and hired the House next to — *Hall*, which was then to be lett for the Season. *Mellmour* affected Retirement, and I constantly attended Church; hoping there to fix the Eyes of your Son upon me; but he was always better employed. ---- “ There, *James*, said the Captain, “ she begins to give you a good Character already.

“ I wish

“ I wish, Sir, replied *James*, every
“ Body may do the same, I will endeavour
“ vour to deserve it.

---- Finding it impossible to gain his
Attention there, I several Times passed
him in his Walk to Mr. *Airy's*; he was
civil, but never particular, and seemed to
take little or no Notice of me.

Hitherto my Engines had failed, the
Summer now came on apace, and our
whole Stock was adventured upon the
Expedition.

But though Mr. *James Lovegrove* did
not look on me with the Eyes of Love,
his Friend Mr. *Airy*, having met me in
the same Walk, began to cultivate an
Acquaintance which soon broke out into
Passion and Flame.”

Here the Supper came in. ---- The Com-
pany looked wistfully, both at the Supper
and the Letter; and while Sight only in-
fluenced them, they seemed resolved to
give up neither. But the grateful Fumes
of the roasted Ducks coming in Aid,
gained a Victory over the *pabulum animi*
which has no such delicious Odour to
recom-

recommend it. ---- Wherefore leaving the rest of the Letter unread, they all sat heartily down to their Meals, *James* only excepted, whose Curiosity was so strong, that after two Mouthfuls, he arose and read to himself the Contents of the next Chapter.

C H A P. XI.

A Continuation of a very long Letter, which travelled in a Stage Coach from London to ——— in Cornwall.

AS I foresaw but little Advantage in the Acquaintance of Mr. *Airy*, I shunned him, and in the mean Time made what Enquiry I dared. But at last he came to *Mellmour's* House, and told me he was Heir to a rich Merchant, his Uncle; who was a Man much advanced in Years; and promised to marry me at his Death, or before, if I would consent to its being kept a Secret.

I told him, I was too young to think of Matrimony, but consented, upon Condition that he would keep it inviolably Secret from Mr. *Mellmour*, his Family, and his Friend young Mr. *Lovegrove*, that I would

meet him in an Evening at a Place we fixed between us.

In the mean Time, *Mellmour*, not finding our Success probable in the common Way proposed to lay a Trap for your Son, which was executed in the following Manner.

We observed he generally paid an Evening Visit to Mr. *Airy*. About a quarter of an Hour before the Time of his Walk, Mr. *Mellmour* and I went into a Field adjoining to that through which your Son was to walk, and there sat at the further End near a Coppice, and watched till we heard him coming: Then I, as was before agreed, fell down, and *Mellmour* striding over me in a Mask and a Cloak prepared for that Purpose, I began to scream and sigh as piteously as I could; this brought your Son to my Assistance. *Mellmour* fled, as was agreed, and hiding his Cloak and Mask under one of the Trees in a Bush, went round about and got in at the back Door of our House.

What followed from the Time of your Son's Arrival, till you happily detected his Plot to carry me away, I leave for him

to

to relate; and am pleased to think I am not obliged to declare the Artifices I used with him. Only one Circumstance I must mention: That when *Mellmour* went at Night for the Cloak and Mask, (not chusing to bring it in while your Son was in the House) he found your Gardener *Clip*, just at that Moment, carrying the Cloak away. At this, he went up to him, and a Scuffle ensued, wherein *Mellmour* was so much bruised, that he was unable the next Morning to come down Stairs.

During your Son's Courtship, I now and then, once a Month or so, suffered *Airy* to meet me; and ever contrived, by Means of my two Christian Names (God forgive me for making such use of them) to keep both your Son and his Friend from declaring to each other their Engagements.

Soon after your Son's Departure, when we had agreed to meet at *Bristol*, ---- [here *James* wished he could make use of his Penknife] ---- by an Emiffary, an Acquaintance in *London*, I heard Mr. *Airy's* Uncle was dead. I immediately sent *Mellmour* out of the Way, and dispatched a Boy to Mr. *Airy's*, desiring to speak to

him. He came after some Delay, and happily, knew not the Death of his Uncle. I told him, if he had not deceived me, I should put his Honour to the Test: What! said he to me, sharply, am I sent for to be made a Fool? my Friend *Lovegrove* has refused you. No, Madam, I am convinced of your Baseness, and intend never more to see you.

This was pretty severe and hard upon me, but I knew Lovers were Fools, and used them accordingly.

Sir, said I, I am now convinced of the Folly of that Maiden who has honesty enough to reveal her Affections; but I thank you *Eugenio*, you have taught me to be severe, and therefore here I swear, I ne'er again —

As I spoke these Words, I knelt on the Ground, with the ready Tears starting from my Eyes. He ran toward me and caught me in his Arms: I cannot bear, said he, to see you thus! there must be some Illusion!----No, said he, pausing----*Lovegrove's* Fortune triumphed over *Airy's* Love.

Repeat

JAMES LOVEGROVE, *Esq*; 245

Repeat that again, cruel Man, said I, once more will be sufficient!

He stared wildly at me.

If *Lovegrove* was my Choice, continued I, why am I here? ---- Behold the Letter he has sent, it invites me to his Arms; but no, *Eugenio*, never, never will I consent to be another's!

Methinks, said he, (as he read the Letter wherein your Son appointed to meet me at *Bristol*) methinks these sound not like the Words of a despairing Lover.

His constant---*Charlotte* too! read he aloud, staring and scowling on the Paper. Are you, Madam, his *Charlotte*, and my *Harriet*? Pretty Lamb, how exquisitely your Affections are divided!

Hear! Hear me Monster! said I [we were during this Conversation in *Mellmour's* Orchard] Hear! and then despise or love me as I deserve.

The Choice, said he, affecting (and but badly affecting) the utmost Indifference, will be soon made, unless my Friend *Love-*

grove and I had but one Body, as well as but one Heart ---- but I will hear, and then despise. This he spoke with a great Air of Confidence; but I was secure; I had triumphed over the first Storm, and feared no second Tempest.

Then know, said I, that young Mr. *Lovegrove* came about a Month ago to my Father Mr. *Mellmour*, and asked his Leave to visit me: But, said the young Gentleman, it must be in private. My Father was dazzled at his Offers, and the next Morning called me into his Chamber.

Harriet, said he, (for *Harriet* was ever his favourite Name) I have an Offer to disclose to you from a Man of the first Fortune in the Neighbourhood. Oh, *Eugenio*! how did I tremble at these Words! I knew my Father's violent imperious Temper, which was to be humoured, and not contradicted. And I remembered the Vow I had made to my dearest *Eugenia*. It is, continued my Father, from young Mr. *Lovegrove*; he loves and adores you, *Harriet*, and has my Consent to visit you; but it must be in Private, for he dares not reveal it as yet to his Parents. Then, Sir, said I, it is Time enough. --- At these Words,

Words, the Fire flashed from the Eyes of my resolute Father, his Passion was rising --- I fell at his Feet, and promised to obey him in every Thing; and at that Moment, *Eugenio*, Love inspired me; and I told my Father, to convince him, that I was willing to admit young Mr. *Lovegrove*, and aid and assist his secret Wishes, I begged he might learn to call me by the Name of *Charlotte*. This I did, my dearest *Eugenio*, that in case by any Accident, he should see the Name of *Harriet*, which your foolish Love has made so common, he might not distrust our Engagements. — But not to tire you: I often met him, and as far as distant Civility would permit, encouraged him to hope. At length, one Evening, he sent (in a violent Haste by his old Gardener) a note, wherein he desired to meet me on the Morrow at such a Place, and promised to conduct me to the Church.

At this I was Thunder-struck! my Father saw my Confusion, and suspected me! What! said he, do you slight this glorious Opportunity of making your Fortune for ever? No, Sir, said I, trembling, the Note needs no Answer, Mr. *Clip* may depart. — As he was going, I said to

my Father, Sir, if you please, I will desire Mr. *Clip*, if possible, to see his young Master to Night? Do, said Mr. *Mellmour*. Accordingly, I ran down the Garden-walk before the House, and overtook the Gardener at the bottom near the Road Gate.

For Heaven's Sake! said I, Mr. *Clip*, carry this to your old Master; do not tell him who sent it---he will esteem you for it---you will save the Life of his Son by it. — The Gardener obeyed, and I returned with a joyful Countenance to my Father, who commended my Love and Diligence. —

And is this my lovely *Harriet*? said *Eugenio*, taking me in his Arms, is this the Truth?

It is, said I, my dearest, my faithful *Eugenio*.

And what particular Motive made you send for me now *Harriet*? was it kind to continue so long silent?

Eugenio, replied I, my Undertaking to deceive my Father, was dangerous, and I feared he might discover me with you, which

which would have ruined us effectually; but at last, knowing that to Day he was to ride to a Friend's House to Dinner, I ventured to send the Boy to you, and am now willing to venture all over the World with the sweet Choice of my Virgin Heart.

At these Words, *Eugenio* snatched me to his Heart, and in a mixed Tumult of Tears and Joy, swore he would follow me to the utmost Boundaries of Nature.

But, said *Eugenio*, when must we make our Escape? Never, said I: My Father watches me close, and will not be abroad again these six Weeks.

And why, said he, cannot we go now?

I have, replied I, a little Purse, 'twill keep us on our Way; and at *London*, a Maiden Aunt, who I know will receive us.

Then, said *Eugenio*, let us lose no Time. But how, how can we get away? Oh, *Eugenio*, said I, true Love is never at a Loss: the *H—b* Coach will pass by in less than an Hour. ---- And then, said he, will *Harriet* and *Eugenio* fly! —

During this Intercourse, *Mellmour*, who knew the Scene, and the Death of his Uncle, kept close within.

The Coach came by, *Eugenio* stopped it. What room have you? said he. Here is room for two, Sir, said the Coachman, there are two Places taken for some Passengers in this Neighbourhood. 'Tis here! 'tis here! cried *Eugenio*, (with more Truth than he imagined) for I had secured that Chance the Day before.

We got in; and I need not tell you, we arrived in Town without being pursu'd.

The next Day, as we were setting together in the House of my friendly Milliner, who then passed for my Aunt, *Eugenio* read in the Papers, that his Uncle died on the Monday, as we arrived in Town on the Friday.

Mistress as I was of my Face, I could not help changing Colour.

What is the Matter, my dear *Harriet*? said *Eugenio*.

I fear, said I, *Harriet* will now lose *Eugenio's* Love.

Un-

Ungenerous Girl! said he—

Yes, cried I, (musing, and embracing him) it was ungenerous, but forgive it; I ne'er had Cause to fear *Eugenio's* Love.

I will not tire your Patience, Sir, with the Joy which followed, or with the Ceremonies of our Wedding, which was consummated as soon as the Law would permit.

This, my good Sir, is the chief Part of my History which relates to you. I shall therefore only briefly tell you, that *Eugenio*, after a Month's Attendance at his Uncle's Shop and Warehouse, found that he died in Debt; as all his Capital was borrowed from a Variety of Creditors, at a great, real Interest.

This News shocked me more, than any other Loss I had met with. I soon grew quite out of Temper, and secretly cursed the forward and officious Love of the Fool that I had ruined. I was lavish of the very little he continued to scrape together, by writing all Hours upon all Subjects; and took more Pleasure in the Diversions of the Town than in his Company.

The

The Milliner at whose House we lodged, and whom we were to pay out of *Eugenio's* Fortune, finding us disappointed, became clamorous : Nay, the one Day, in the Face of a very polite Customer, demanded her Rent.—This was no other than *Lutterel* : He looked on me, and seeing the Tears running apace in obedient Streams down my Cheeks, swore that he would pay the Sum, were it five thousand Pounds ; but it was but small, and he discharged it.

Lutterel was no Stranger to our Sex ; he could see by the Manner in which I received the Favour, that I was no Ways over Nice in my accepting his Offer. This made him bold ; he often came and visited me : And at length, not being satisfied with a Share of my Person, he insisted upon carrying me to Lodgings, and made me the most lucrative Offers.—These I basely received ; and having consented, was conducted to a sumptuous Prison ; for I found my Keeper so very strict and jealous, that he would never suffer me to stir Abroad.—

As to the remaining Part of my wretched History, Mr. *Walters* informs me, you have heard it from him. I shall therefore detain

detain you no longer, than to assure you, I wrote it but in Justice to your Sister and Son; whom I thank God, you prevented me from deceiving. For my own Part, I am grown too miserable to wish for Comfort, and too hardened to take that Pleasure in Prayer and Humiliation that I ought. May the God of all Mercy, take Pity on my wretched Soul and enlighten it! I have very seldom thought on Religion hitherto—I have the more to do now—too much I fear for such a Wretch as I am to undertake—

Oh Mercy! Mercy! Mercy!

James having read this Epistle while his Father and Uncle were smoaking their Pipes, (for Mr. Lovegrove supposed it would hurt him to have his Amour read in publick) took Leave of the Captain and his Father, and retired to a Walk of Contemplation in the Garden, by Moon-light, while they perused the Remainder of the Letter.

C H A P.

C H A P. XII.

Contemplation a very stingy Lady. A Soliloquy in above an hundred Languages. The incomparable Mr. Garrick introduced a second Time in our History.

CONTEMPLATION, is a Lady who loves to make the most of every Thing: She rummages old Hoards, and patches new and old together, so that James found her a strange sort of a Companion: Indeed he was very soon tired of her Company, for her Opinion in Miss Jennour's Case was very unfavourable; therefore he determined, after he had taken two or three Turns under a Row of Filberts, to retire to Bed.

In the last of these Turns he stopped in the middle of the Walk; and throwing his arms akimbo, extending moreover his left Leg forward, and bending his Body somewhat backward that he might take a View of the Moon, which was then within an Hour of crying Twelve o'Clock, he began the following Soliloquy: " O! —

Here

Here he was interrupted by a Female Voice in the next Garden, which cried out, Mr. *Bradley*, rest satisfied till to Morrow! I have promised to attend you then to the Altar, is not that sufficient?

At this, our animated Heroe started into an Attitude far surpassing any of Mr. *Garrick's*; even that beautiful one in the Tragedy of *Barbarossa*, where he shews the Spectators a Plaister under his Wig. But as Attitude alone was of no manner of Service in that Situation, he betook himself to the use of Speech, and in a loud Voice, cried out, "— Good G—d! am I deceived, or do I hear Miss *Jen-*
"now's Voice?"

As he spake this, the Female shrieked out, "Oh, Mr. *Smith*! Mr. *Smith*!"

James was now willing to climb over the Stone Wall that parted the Gardens; an Exploit we dare not permit him to achieve, lest he should break his Neck.

And indeed, happy it was for him that he could not; for his Friend *Bradley*, who had not attended to his Voice, but took him for a strange Mr. *Smith*, might in all

all Probability have demolished him ere he had reached the Bottom.

Therefore finding it impossible to proceed in that Manner, he hasted out of the Garden through the Inn Yard, and knocked at the adjoining House, which he supposed belonged to the Garden wherein he had heard the Voice of his Charmer.

A Servant opened the Door. *James* enquired for Miss *Jennour*. The Maid desired our Heroe to walk into the Parlour.

In a few Minutes, *Bradley* appeared: As he entered he started back, and cried out, "D—n it *James*, how came you in this House?"

"Be not surprized, my Friend," said our Heroe, rising from his Seat.

"Surprized, continued he, where's *Mr. Smith*?" "I am *Mr. Smith*! I am *Mr. Lovegrove*! and I am your old Friend *James*," said the Heroe of this History, with a Smile."

"Then

“ Then, said *Jonathan*, Friends must
“ part. By G—d, *James*, I have fairly
“ won the Lady, and will not resign her
“ to the best Friend in the World.—No,
“ continued he, were the whole Fleet of
“ *France*, or *Spanish Armada* to demand
“ her from me, and I was in a Wherry,
“ I’d defy them all.”

“ My Friend, answered *James*, I come
“ not to disturb your Love: The Lady who
“ is at present under your Care, was for-
“ merly under mine; we are old Friends.”--

“ And don’t you want to marry her
“ then, said *Jonathan* eagerly ?”----

“ Not unless she fairly give her. Con-
“ sent,” replied *James*.

“ D----n me then, cried *Jonathan*, if
“ that wa’n’t spoken to insult me ; but,
“ Sir, your mourning Sword will, I hope,
“ defend you----draw”----

“ No, my Friend, said *James*, I will
“ not draw, I have no Authority to do it.”

“ Sir, answered *Jonathan*, warmly, draw
“ in your own Defence ; I am the Ag-
gresser

“ gressor, and by the mighty G---d that
“ made me, I will destroy you if you do
“ not !”

“ Sir, said *James*, I will draw imme-
“ diately, if you will be so kind as to
“ convince me that I have a Power to do
“ it, either as a Christian, or as a faith-
“ ful Subject to my Prince ?”

“ Christian ! cried *Jonathan*, what has
“ a Christian to do with Fighting ?”----

“ Then, answered *James*, if a Christian
“ has nothing to do with Fighting, I
“ dare not draw.”----

“ Z---ds, Sir, won't you give me a
“ Gentleman-like Satisfaction ?” cried *Jo-*
natban, somewhat confounded by *James's*
Coolness.

“ Yes, Sir, replied our Heroe, (sitting
“ down) tell me wherein I have offended
“ you, and I will be rigorously just in
“ my Reparation of the Injury.”

“ Offended ! said *Jonathan*, are you
“ not now come to steal my Mistress from
me ?”

“ me? the Mistress who has promised
“ to marry me to Morrow ?

“ God forbid, said *James*; if Miss *Jennour*
“ *nour* has made such a Promise, I so-
“ lemnly declare, I would not wish her
“ to revoke it.”

Here Miss *Jennour* entered the Parlour.
Jonathan was standing in a fencing Atti-
tude, his Sword drawn. *James* had seated
himself with his Hands knit together,
his Arms across one Corner of the Back
of the Chair, and one Leg over the other.

Miss *Jennour*, at Sight of the Sword,
screamed out. *James* started from his Seat
and ran toward her. *Jonathan* still kept
his fencing Posture.

“ Oh, Mr. *Smith*! said Miss *Jennour*,
is it you ?” — Here a pale Tremor over-
powered. “ Help !” cried our Heroe.
Jonathan dropt his Sword, and the two
Rivals supported and led their Mistress to
a Chair.

James quitted his Hold to feel for his
Hartshorn. *Jonathan* still seemed to sup-
port

port her, though it was needless, as she was seated in a great-arm'd Chair.

Our Heroe applied the Spirits, and she presently revived. The Tears, in Spite of his Resolution, stole plentifully down *James's* Cheeks, his Mind was strongly agitated, the Scene was too much for his delicate Frame, yet he had the Resolution to brave his Situation.

“ Oh, Sir! Oh, Mr. *Smith* !” said Miss *Jennour* faintly, “ by what Miracle did you escape the Enemy ?”

“ Madam, replied our Heroe, I have been long in *England*. I was suffered to return to *Holland*, and from thence made a more prosperous Voyage, and safely returned to my native Country.”—

“ My Love, said *Jonathan*, eagerly, this Rascal has deceived you, his Name is *Lovegrove*.”

“ Oh, Heavens! said Miss *Jennour*, and sunk back into the Chair.

The two Lovers were very assiduous. — She recovering, begged they would leave

JAMES LOVEGROVE, Esq; 261
leave her with the Maid and Mr. Bradley's Sister, who was called down Stairs.

Jonathan and our Heroe retreated, and entered into another Parlour.

As they went in, *James*, who was first, turned round ----- "Rascal! *Jonathan*, I beseech you retract that Word?"

"Never, replied *Bradley*."

"Not if you are convinced 'twas underserved," said our Heroe.

"'Tis impossible!" said *Bradley*.

"Well, well, replied *James*, I drop it at present, we can have no Evidence here till Miss *Jennour* is recovered; you will not forget you said it." ----- "Nor deny it, answered *Jonathan* ferociously, by G---d!"

"'Tis enough, Sir, answered *James*, all shall be satisfied.

Here a Pause returned! *James* sat down; *Jonathan* walked up and down the Room, and looked very big and important; ---
the

the Bell rang; --- the Gentlemen's Company was desired: But for an Account of the Conversation which passed after they were introduced, *vide* the History of *James Lovegrove*, Esq; Vol. II. Book IV. and Chapter XIII.

C H A P. XIII.

Wherein we are as good as our Word, and give what we promised.

AS the Rivals entered, Miss *Jennour* sat still in the Elbow Chair; reclining on Miss *Bradley*, who was seated close to her, and held a Handkerchief to her Eyes.

"I hope, Madam, said *James*, tenderly,
 " you have no Objection to my Presence?
 " Perhaps the Name of *Lovegrove* is disagreeable to you?"

"It ever has been, Sir, replied she,
 " but the Name of *Smith*, I shall always
 " honour." *James* bowed.

"Pray resolve me, Sir, continued Miss
 " *Jennour*, by what strange Adventures
 " you

JAMES LOVEGROVE, Esq; 263

“ you assumed the Name of *Smith*, and
“ yet are now in these Parts under the
“ Character of Mr. *Lovegrove*? Are you
“ really, Sir, the Son of Mr. *Lovegrove*,
“ of _____?”

“ Yes, interrupted *Bradley*, that I’ll
“ swear he is.”

“ And that, I will never deny,” said
James.

Miss Jennour lifted up her Hands, “ Oh
“ wonderful Providence! May I hear,
“ Sir, continued she, these strange Incon-
“ sistencies cleared up?”

“ I will endeavour, Madam, answered
“ *James*, to do it.”

Here he began, and discovered his His-
tory from his Journey from *Bristol* to his
meeting with his Friend *Bradley* in *Corn-
wall*; which, if the Reader has forgot,
we beg he would turn to the middle of
the second Book, and read over again this
delectable History to the present Sentence.

During his Narration, *Miss Jennour*
seemed greatly affected, nor could *James*
relate

relate it without Emotion. *Bradley*, though resolved to be unconcerned, yet was unwillingly attentive, and could not but be surprized at the many strange Turns of Fortune which *James* had experienced.

Our Heroe having finished his History, begged if he might be allowed so far to interest himself in Miss *Jennour's* Fortune, to hear by what Means she escaped from Captain *Winbourne*.

“ Sir, said Miss *Jennour*, I shall relate it with the utmost Pleasure; as it will give me an Opportunity of expressing my Gratitude to Mr. *Bradley*, to whom, under Heaven, I owe my Life and all its Enjoyments.”

Jonathan looked big at this Declaration, and his Mortification at observing Miss *Jennour's* Sollicitude for *James*, decreased in a Moment.

“ I perceive, Sir, said Miss *Jennour*, that you received some Account of my Situation in Captain *Winbourne's* Ship; from the Servant who brought my Guardian that villainous Forgery of his. Indeed, she says but the Truth, when
“ she

“ she attributed my strange Inactivity
 “ to the pernicious Food which I eat at
 “ Capt. *Winbourne's* Table.

“ After we were clear of the Land, his
 “ Behaviour to me was worse than ever;
 “ but Providence had graciously placed
 “ a Defender on board his Ship in the
 “ Person of Mr. *Bradley*, who was going
 “ as a Passenger to the *West-Indies*. It
 “ was to that Gentleman's spirited and
 “ generous Behaviour, that I owed my
 “ Guards, the Marines, who were placed at
 “ my Cabin, and who I believe, prevented
 “ the Villain from executing his wicked
 “ Purposes.

“ But with all his Watchfulness and
 “ Care, Mr. *Bradley* could not long have
 “ preserved me from *Winbourne's* Wick-
 “ edness, who as Commander of the Ship,
 “ had too much Power to be circumscribed
 “ by my generous Protector.”

“ If you will give me Leave, Madam,”
 said *Jonathan* ---- Miss *Jennour* bowed,
 and *Jonathan* proceeded:

“ As I was only a Passenger, I could
 “ talk with Freedom to the Captain,
 VOL. II. N “ who

“ who like all other Rascals, was as dam-
“ nable Coward;” (this *Bradley* spoke
with his Eyes fixed on *James*, who could
not see it, as he was better employed in
looking on his, or rather his Rival’s lovely
Nancy,) “ I believe otherwise he might
“ have done what he pleased, but Guilt
“ is always perplexed: However, as Miss
“ *Jennour* observes, I could not have re-
“ sisted him long.

“ I had, by Agreement, the Liberty of
“ his Table; at which he always provided
“ some little Dish for the Lady, whose
“ Appetite was unfortunately her Enemy;
“ but I attributed her Gloom and Sleepi-
“ ness to her Condition, which from late
“ Observation I am persuaded, was owing
“ to some cursed Mixture in the Dishes
“ *Winbourne* provided for her.

“ Having a great Suspicion of *Win-*
“ *bourne*’s Villainy, I contrived once to
“ get the Speech of Miss *Jennour*, and
“ besought her as a Friend, for one
“ Day, to abstain from the made Dishes
“ which Captain *Winbourne* set before
“ her.

“ She

“ She consented, and found herself so
“ much better, that she entirely left off
“ every kind of Food that was composed
“ of different Sauces or Materials.

“ This was of Service to her; she said,
“ she perceived I was her Friend; and
“ in Confidence, told me, she feared the
“ Captain had some bad design in his
“ Heart.

“ Madam, said I, if that is the Case,
“ I swear you shall not want a resolute
“ Heart and Hand in your Defence to
“ the last Drop of Blood that is within me.

“ It happened while we were convers-
“ ing, our Ship being a-head, the Man
“ at the Mast Head, cried out, “ *A*
“ *Sail! a Sail!*

“ All the Ship was in Confusion in an
“ Instant, and I was on the Point of fly-
“ ing to the Captain to get some Station
“ where I might be of Service; but
“ we soon found it was the Homeward-
“ bound Fleet from *Virginia*.

“ Several Boats came on board us from
“ the Fleet, and every one seemed busy

“ and hurrying about, when a Thought
“ struck me, that possibly we might get a
“ Passage to *England* in the Fleet. I com-
“ municated my Proposal to Miss *Jen-*
“ *nour*, who at first made Objections, but
“ I overpowered her.” —

“ Yes, Sir, replied Miss *Jennour*, for
“ I thought it was impossible to be in
“ worse Hands, than when I was under
“ the Power of *Winbourne*; but I thank
“ Heaven, I found in you, a generous
“ Friend, who scorned to take Advan-
“ tage of my weak and unguarded Si-
“ tuation.”

Jonathan made a very low bow, and
proceeded.

“ As it grew dusky (the Boats still
“ passing and repassing, I took Miss *Jen-*
“ *nour* by the Hand, (the Captain was
“ then writing in the Cabin) and calling
“ one or two of the Sailors, who had for-
“ merly been with me when I belonged
“ to the Trade, I gave them a Crown
“ apiece to help the Lady into a Boat
“ which was going off. The Mate, who
“ was in the Boat, asked who we were?

“ I step'd

“ I step’d to the Stern, and told him I
 “ was going on board his Ship with my
 “ Wife, to speak to his Captain.” “ Sir,
 “ said he, you cannot do it, for we shall
 “ sail immediately, and no Boat will re-
 “ turn.” “ Sir, replied I, ’tis very well,
 “ I want to return to *England* with my
 “ Wife, and will pay the Captain well
 “ for my Passage.”

“ Z——ds, tis an odd Story, replied
 “ the Mate, but pull away Lads, here’s
 “ something more than ordinary in this!
 “ I warrant, said he, you are two honest
 “ Tars, that have contrived to get away;
 “ but we want Hands aboard, and you
 “ shall be well entertained.”

“ In a very short Time we reached the
 “ Ship, a Merchantman, who was lying
 “ by for the Boat.

“ I went to the Captain with the Mate,
 “ and declared the Reason of my coming
 “ on board, and promised an ample Re-
 “ ward for our Passage. The Captain
 “ was pleased at our Escape, and I be-
 “ lieve, had no Objection to his Guests.

“ The Wind being foul when we got
 “ into the Channel, we were obliged to
 “ put into *Plymouth*; from whence I pre-
 “ vailed upon Miss *Jennour* to retire here
 “ to my Mother’s House, till she could
 “ write to her Relations.” —

Here *Jonathan* was a-ground, and could
 say no more. *James* turned from Miss
Jennour to look at him; *Jonathan* reddened;
James sighed; Miss *Jennour* proceeded:

“ I confess, Sir, that Mr. *Bradley* has
 “ with the utmost Delicacy and Honour,
 “ solicited my Hand.” (Here Miss *Jen-
 nour* looked at *James*, whose Eyes did not
 betray their Condition, as he kept them
 fixed on the Ground) “ which Sollici-
 “ tations I could not but decline in my
 “ unhappy Circumstances. Unhappy, I
 “ call them, particularly as my Friends
 “ and Guardians seem resolved by their
 “ Silence, never more to own me for
 “ their Ward or Relation. Wonder not,
 “ therefore, Sir, that after such Appli-
 “ cation from a Man to whom I owe my
 “ Life and Honour, I promised, if my
 “ Friends were still silent, that I would
 “ to Morrow, attend him to the Altar.
 “ And I confess, Mr. *Smith*, I am the
 “ more

JAMES LOVEGROVE, *Esq*; 271

“ more pleased at the Circumstance of
“ your Arrival here, as I am persuaded
“ it will give you the greatest Pleasure to
“ see me prevented from becoming again
“ the Subject of your Uneasiness.”

This poor Miss *Jennour* could not utter without Tears, indeed, she was strongly affected, nor was our disconsolate Heroe in a better Situation; his Mind labouring between Love, Vexation, Rage, Gratitude, Fear, Friendship, Discontent, Pride, Affection, Disdain and Despair. At last, he conquered his Passions in Part, and said :

“ I presume, Miss *Jennour* has more
“ serious Motives for her Choice of my
“ Friend, than the mere Neglect which
“ her Guardian has shewn her” —

“ Certainly, Sir,” replied she.

“ I am satisfied, Madam,” answered our Heroe in a very dissatisfied Tone.

Here *Jonathan* began to recover himself; and advancing from his Seat to Miss *Jennour*, he frankly confessed, that he had

suppressed the Letters she had committed to his Charge.

“ I am glad, said *James*, to see you
“ so honest, *Jonathan*.” —

Miss Jennour seemed surprized at the Declaration, and, after a short Pause, answered :

“ Well, Sir, I am greatly pleased with
“ this honest Confession : And to con-
“ vince you of my Approbation of it, I
“ will still persist in my Resolutions in
“ your Favour.”

At these Words, the Heart of our poor Heroe experienced a greater sinking, than doth the Heart of a Culprit, at the tremendous Voice of immutable Justice: His Frame could no longer bear the unequal Struggle ; wherefore, while he had just Strength sufficient to carry him out of the House, he, with a faltering Voice, and bathed in involuntary Tears, cried out, “ God bless thee, my
“ Charmer ---- wherever thy virtuous In-
“ clinations may lead thee !

C H A P.

C H A P. XIV.

Soililoquy, Restlessness, Irresolution, Contrivance, Reason, Honour, and Pride.

OUR poor distressed Heroe repaired immediately to his Inn; for indeed, all the Company were too much concerned at his amiable Behaviour, even to obstruct him with the usual parting Compliments.

Having reached his Bed-chamber without Molestation, as his Father and Uncle were retired some Hours before, he hastened into Bed, and there summoned to his Assistance, all the Fortitude and Resolution that he was Master of. But though armed and surrounded with Stoicism and heroick Resolution, yet was *James* truly depressed and overwhelmed with the grievous Disappointment he had experienced. His Life had, from its first Entrance into Manhood, been one continued Scene of Vexation and Trouble: One fair Charmer had jilted him; the other refused him: To what could be attributed these Losses, but his own want of personal Qualifications!

" 'Tis too true, (cried the dejected Swain, in